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METAL HAMMER

EUROPE'S BIGGEST SELLING HARD ROCK MAGAZINE!

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INSIDE SEPULTURA'S WORLD CHAOS MASTERPLAN!

0898-STARCHAT!

LITTLE ANGELS' TOBY JEPSON INTERVIEWS BON JOVI AND BILLY IDOL!

MEATLOAF: BACK INTO THE CHARTS?

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THE WORD IS...

Dear Mum,

Just a line to let you know that I got that new job I was telling you about. It's not quite what I thought it would be - they didn't mention the 'work' part when I came for the interview. A large man with a very large laugh just kept putting even larger drinks in my hand - but then, as you are always quick to remind me, Ma, few things are ever what you expect them to be.

I must say it's quite a strange crew they've got working here. The Editor is a bloke who looks like a woman and the Executive Editor is a woman who looks like a bloke. But then - hey! - that's Heavy Metal, dude! I mean, Mum...

And then there's this... this... thing that stalks the basement of the building and looks like a bit of both with something else unspeakable thrown in for bad measure. It's called 'Fag' or 'Slag' or something, and everybody's afraid of it.

My friend with the extra-large laugh says he's sure we're all going to get on like a house on fire. In fact, he's already promised to come and burn my house down if I don't - quote - "get that fucking rubbish you're writing finished now!" - unquote. (I'm already getting the knack of this interviewing lark!) So you see, the doctors were wrong all along - I'm not 'terminally unemployable', 'hug-addicted', 'women's-chest-fixated', or any of those other unpleasant-sounding conditions those quacks kept coming up with. I'm just rockin'!

Yours in excitation,

MICK WALL
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

HAMMER & TONGUES

"I hate music."
(Josh Silver, Type O'Negative)

"The average American has the brain capacity of a twinky."
(Mr Brett, Bad Religion)

"It can't be haemorrhoids - everybody knows that he's a *perfect* asshole..."
(Ian Gillan on Blackmore's recent 'mystery illness')

ROCK OF AGES

WOLFSBANE'S BLAZE BAYLEY

What has Rock achieved in the last ten years? It has mutated, survived. Survival is an achievement when you think about it. The uneasy alliance of huge corporations with marketing moguls and rock'n'rollers is unnatural and inexplicable.

'Achievement' is a word for salesmen, a word for company presidents to brandish at meetings with shareholders who think Chris DeBurgh is a rad, bad 'God Of Rock'.

'Product' is a word they use all the time. 'The product', they say, 'isn't right', 'isn't packaged correctly', 'isn't titled nicely', as if a record was a rather expensive box of washing powder.

Making records is more than they know. It is the artist's chance to ram raw emotion onto magnetic tape. Music taps into something too deep for words to express, and Rock'n'Roll does it best.

Great Rock'n'Roll bands still challenge your way of looking at the world, they still suck the sadness out of you when your life seems like a long and winding trail of misery. Rock doesn't need to achieve anything more than just being here. It doesn't need to justify its existence by knocking on doors with leaflets about God like a poor deluded Jehovah's Witness.

So long as there are bands around who care more about mayhem and music than about money, then it's worth being a rocker. So long as there are bands with guitar, bass and drums, who climb on stage, crank up loud and shout 'this is Rock'n'Roll, fuckers, you want some?!', then Rock has achieved everything I want it to.

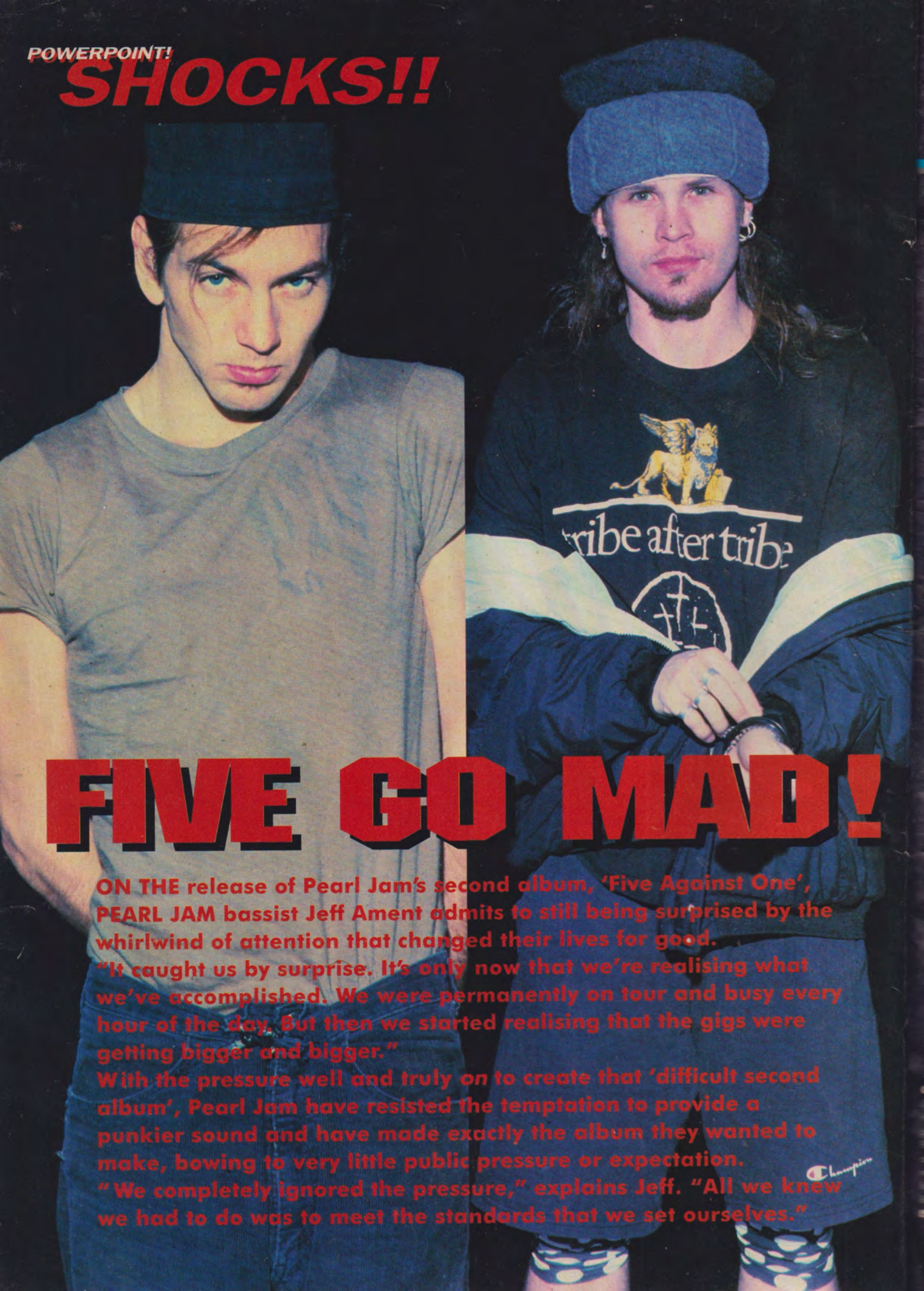
Blaze Bayley

ATTITUDE

- **Metal really is satanic!**
- **Rollins must fancy Die Cheerleader**
- **Indie kids are closet Metal fan**
- **Punk is the new Grunge**
- **Neil Aldis loves Suede**
- **Rob Halford is tries too hard**
- **The Manics' *Welsh* origin explains everything**
- **No-one over eighteen understands Death Metal**
- **Maiden don't need a new singer, they need a new Eddie.**
- **'Bat Out Of Hell II: Don't Bat An Eyelid'**

POWERPOINT!

SHOCKS!!



FIVE GO MAD!

ON THE release of Pearl Jam's second album, 'Five Against One', PEARL JAM bassist Jeff Ament admits to still being surprised by the whirlwind of attention that changed their lives for good.

"It caught us by surprise. It's only now that we're realising what we've accomplished. We were permanently on tour and busy every hour of the day. But then we started realising that the gigs were getting bigger and bigger."

With the pressure well and truly *on* to create that 'difficult second album', Pearl Jam have resisted the temptation to provide a punkier sound and have made exactly the album they wanted to make, bowing to very little public pressure or expectation.

"We completely ignored the pressure," explains Jeff. "All we knew we had to do was to meet the standards that we set ourselves."

METAL HAMMER
SEPTEMBER 1993

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COVER AND FEATURE PIC: MARK ALLAN

Mad bastards to a man, but album of the month anyway.

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Pick of the bunch

SCORPIONS PAGE 82

EDITED BY PIPPA LANG

BRUCE LET LOOSE

As **BRUCE DICKINSON**'s final appearance with **IRON MAIDEN** draws nearer, the man of many talents has spoken to Metal Hammer about his farewell fling. The ninety-minute private gig at a well-known film studio in Buckinghamshire on August 28th, performed before an exclusive audience of fan club members and friends, will be beamed out live, by satellite, to the States and most parts of Europe and Japan. It will also be screened on BBC2 on September 3rd under the title 'Raising Hell'.

The event includes the talents of horror illusionist Simon Drake, who was originally spotted by the band on 'Secret Cabaret' and who subsequently provided the entertainment at Maiden's 'Fear Of The Dark' after-gig party in London. Drake will be responsible for making Bruce 'disappear'...

"The band are very much looking forward to seeing me go out in a very spectacular and sadistic manner. I'm not quite sure how... We expect my last appearance onstage with the band to be very special."

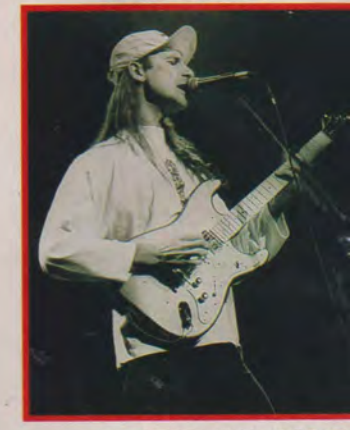
Meanwhile, Steve Harris has just finished mixing Maiden's second live double album this year, to follow 'A Real Live One'. This second album will be released in conjunction with a video on October 18th, and will be preceded by a single in September.

Because Steve's been so busy in the studio, the band won't be auditioning for Bruce's replacement until mid-October. It has been assured, however, that the new line-up will tour next year.

LA BURNING!

Following our **LA GUNS** story in the last issue, it transpires that MICK CRIPPS' new band, BURNING RETNA, will be releasing a full- blown album in the Autumn. Mick has been dividing his time between recording LA Guns' last album and his new project. The two bands are, reports Burning Retna's vocalist, Chris Bradshaw, "poles apart musically". Although the LA Guns album is reputedly their toughest yet, the Burning Retna material is a "blinding Techno experience". Believe us, you will be amazed...

INVASION OF THE LUMBERJACKS



Former Max Webster guitrist **KIM MITCHELL** is now bringing his lumberjack Rock to Europe's log cabins. His current album 'Aural Fixations' has just been released by SPV. In Canada Mitchell is considered a superstar these days and has been appearing at various festivals together with artists like Van Halen and Vince Neil.

• New York's legendary **RIOT** have completed their new album for a Japanese-only release. Having lost their Sony deal in the States and Europe, the company will put the album out in the East due to Riot's strong following in Japan. On the new album, Riot cover their one and only hit, 'Outlaw', as well as Procul Harum's 'A Whiter Shade Of Pale', previously covered by Doro Pesch.

• Northwest rockers **SOUNDGARDEN** decided to interrupt their pre- production schedule for their next album to play a series of shows in the US with Neil Young this month. The August leg of the tour included shows in Canada, the Mid-West and Eastern part of the US. The album, meanwhile, will be released in early '94, promptly followed by a much-anticipated world tour.

However, until then, Soundgarden fans can satisfy their insatiable appetites for Grunge with the self-titled debut LP by HATER - the bastard son of Soundgarden. Created by Soundgarden bassist Ben Shepherd and drummer Matt Cameron, with a little help from original Monster Magnet guitarist John McBain, singer Brian Wood (brother of late Mother Love Bone singer Andrew) and mellotron player Glan Slater, Hater has the potential to be massive. However, they have sworn not to tour. Yeah, we'll see about that.

MORBID ANGEL: WE ARE *NOT* NAZIS!

After our **MORBID ANGEL** feature in issue 7, the band have sent a fax to Metal Hammer denying suggestions that they are 'flirting carelessly with Nazi imagery', as hinted at on their 'Blessed Are The Sick' album. Our feature demanded that the Death Metal band 'make an effort to clear their name' and, as a result, the fax was forwarded to us. It reads as follows:

"Morbid Angel is not a political band. We are not Nazis (National Socialists) or fascists. We are independent thinkers who are opposed to tyranny of any fashion, including media controlled thought, and corporate controlled multi-culturalism. We believe that institution, be it Christianity or profiteering governments, never caters to individualism or free thought which is the essence of creativity.

"We stand strongly in favour of, and celebrate cultural diversity, for it is the differences in heritage and culture that define the talents and expressions. We attack Christianity as an *originator* of the dangerous mind control and cultural oppression of the 'New World Order'. We believe that no god or government has the right to force its ways on a people. Our planet is a vast and beautiful one, full of many people of many walks of life. It is our thought that each of these ways should be respected in their own right, and that no attempt should be made by any group to infiltrate and force compliance of any 'New World Order' which is in itself fascist!!

"Morbid Angel shall continue in our struggle to express our individual creativity regardless of any attempt by any group to the contrary."

• The strongest buzz for a new band comes from Los Angeles-based Hardcore outfit, **DOWN SET**, whose music has been described as a 'pulverising mix of poetic Rap and Metal'. Their debut EP will be released through Mercury in early 1994. The band have been known to create quite a furore at their live shows due to their rumoured gang connections.

• **PARADISE LOST** release their fourth LP, 'Icon', on the 26th September, to coincide with a European tour. Right now the boys are enjoying their first jaunt across the Atlantic, playing second fiddle to Grind gods, Morbid Angel, although we hope they don't encounter any more problems from the Satan-worshipping contingency that caused them a little upset in Europe earlier this year. If 'Icon' does the business for them, then we could all suddenly find ourselves faced with England's biggest Noise-mongers since... well, since bloody ages ago!

SABBATH: TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

Well, ho hum, so the **SABBATH** reunion is now definitely *off*, is it? How long will Sabbath fans tolerate the indecisiveness of their heroes? It appears that, after nine months of negotiations, and having already set up dates in Birmingham in December with support from Sepultura, talks have broken down and **OZZY** has decided to back out of the proposed reunion tour.

"As always, I wish the other members of Black Sabbath much success with their next studio album," was all Ozzy would say on the matter, as he retreated back into the studio to work on his next solo album.

Perhaps reports from Sepultura that Tony Martin has been back rehearsing with Sabbath should be taken more seriously in the light of recent events...

SLURP, OGGLE, PANT...

Mötley Crüe fans who've been holding their breath for the new Album 'Til Death Tears Us Apart' can relax. The album with new frontman John Corabi (ex-The Scream) is unlikely to be out before early 1994. Among other reasons, this is due to producer Bob Rock's extremely full time table. Amazing news have been filtering through from the studio: apparently Mötley Crüe are now heavily into Industrial. They're currently working with the SKINNY PUPPY noisemaker on a remix of 'Hoolingans Holiday'. To be continued.

POWER POINT

THUNDERING TRIBUTE

"Without **JOHNNY THUNDERS**, Rock'-n'Roll wouldn't be the same, just as it wouldn't be without Keith Richards or Chuck Berry or Little Richard. Johnny is as important as that," asserts ex-Hanoi Rocks frontman, **MIKE MONROE**, and he's undeniably right.

Johnny became irreplaceable first with the New York Dolls, then The Heartbreakers and, finally, with his sporadically brilliant solo career. A few of the multitudes that he influenced are now recording some of his unreleased songs as both a tribute and a benefit for his family on an album tentatively titled 'I Only Wrote This Song For You'. A movie, with a working title of 'The Last Rock'n'Roll Movie', is also underway. This will comprise mainly documentary footage interspersed with interviews with Thunders and friends.

Monroe and fellow ex-Hanoi Rocks members Nasty Suicide and Sami Yaffa are participating in the album along with, continues Mike, "people like David Johansen from the New York Dolls, Willie DeVille, Wayne Kramer from the MC5 and Chrissie Hynde from The Pretenders."

The seminal guitarist died of a heroin overdose in 1991. If the track 'Disappointed In You' is any indication, this album will allow true music fans to forgive Johnny Thunders the demons of his latter years and cherish his legacy instead.

• Latest East West Records signing to create a stir is an Oklahoma-based band called **FOR LOVE NOT LISA**. Described as 'a hybrid mix of Jane's Addiction weirdness and Soundgarden's heaviness', the band's debut album was produced by Matt Hyde (Porno For Pyros) and will be released in early October. On the album will be a 'nineties arrangement of the Kiss classic, 'Rocket Ride', on which Ace Frehley plays lead and sings the chorus.

• **THE SCREAM** have finished their second album for Hollywood Records to be called 'Takin' It To The Next Level'. Released in late-September, this is the first record to feature new vocalist Billy Scott, whose former band, New York's Dashboard Mary, was once on a priority list at Peter Mensch's Q-Prime Management, who deal with such mega-league stars as Metallica and Queensrÿche.

GRUNTRUCK TO SPLIT?

Pic.: T.Woollicroft/IDOLS

Seattle Grunge-maesters **GRUNTRUCK** are on the verge of splitting up due to dissatisfaction with their record company, Roadrunner. In a phone conversation with vocalist BEN MCMILLAN, also frontman of SKIN YARD (the occasional project featuring producer Jack Endino and The Screaming Trees' Barrett Martin), he expressed severe disappointment that Roadrunner had not arranged a follow- up for their riotously successful support tour with Pantera earlier this year. As a result, the band, who replaced bassist Tim Paul with ex-Accused member, Alex Sibbald, after that tour, have been on tenterhooks, desperate to return to the UK, where they're afraid fans may assume that Gruntruck have deserted them.

"This is not the case. We haven't been able to come back. We've had to occupy ourselves by touring round the US club circuit, but we really want to return to England. Our fans have been so good to us over there, but I wouldn't blame them if they got tired of waiting. "Right now, we're trying to renegotiate our contract. We want to move on to a major label, but... let's just say... we're being prevented from doing so. So we're faced with having to split up rather than be tied down."Let's just hope that somebody sees the light, and we *don't* have to split."

MAKE 'N' MIX

SHOTGUN MESSIAH are gearing up for the release of their third full-length album. Appropriately titled 'Violent New Breed', the album, produced by Cybersank and the band and recorded at Atlantis Studios in Stockholm, will be released on September 28th on Relativity Records.

Pic.: P.Deluca

Guitar wizard **JAN CYRKA** has finally completed his second album for Food For Thought. Entitled 'Spirit', the twelve-track LP, recorded at Jan's own studio in Chingford, has been nine months in the making due to touring and other recording commitments. The album is due for release on October 4th.

QUORTHON of **BATHORY** is currently working on his first solo album, which is due for release later this year through Black Mark Productions. The working title is 'What Does Not Kill You Makes You Stronger'.

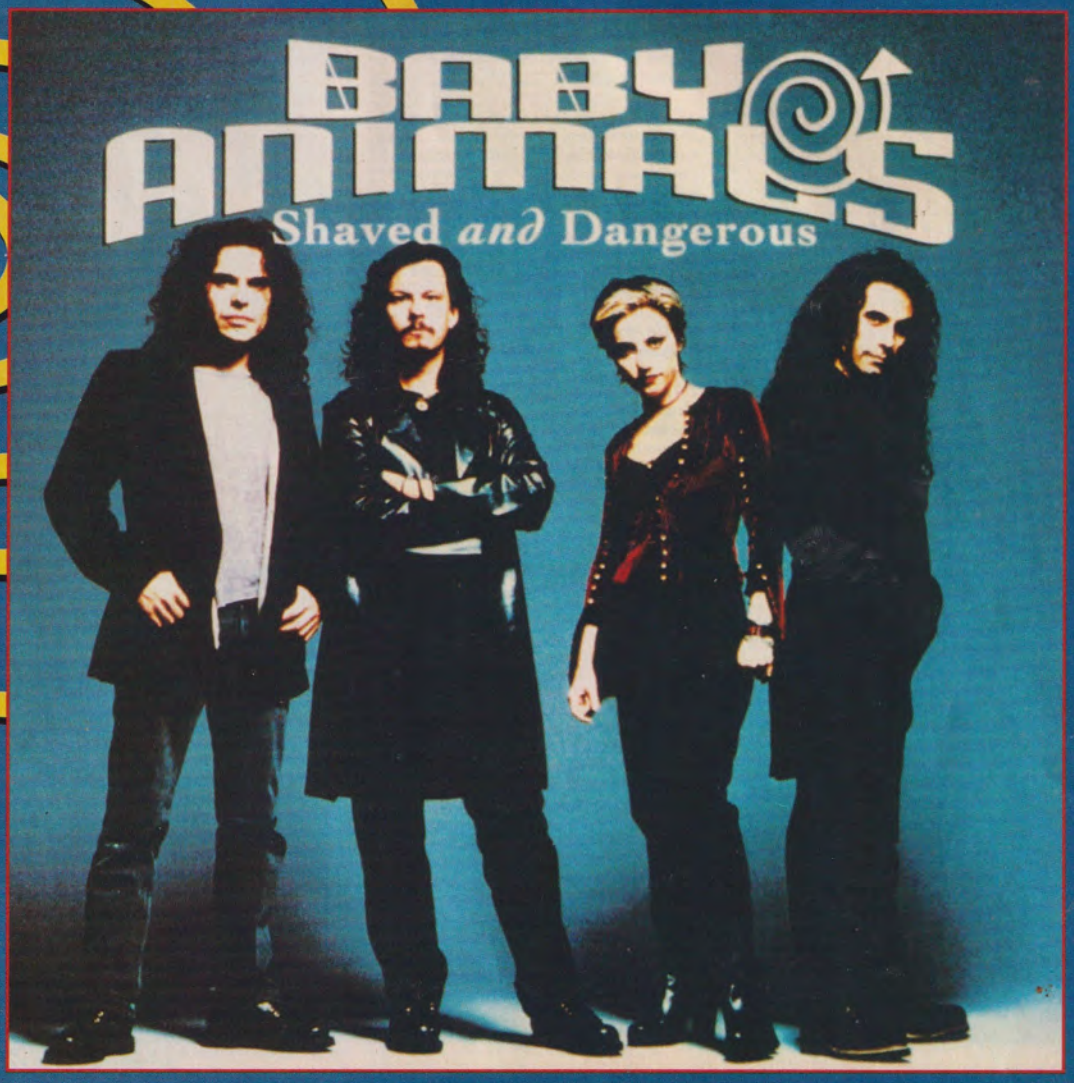
New albums by two other Black Mark bands, **EDGE OF SANITY** and **SEANCE**, are planned for release in the Autumn.

Sub Pop signing, **VERTIGO**, have completed their third album, 'Nailhole', for release later this year.

HMV

BABY ANIMALS

Shaved *and* Dangerous



*The **brand new** **album** available on compact disc and cassette from your local **HMV***

KNOW HMV • KNOW MUSIC

POWER POINT

LOVE/HATE's recent UK tour went so well that the band are returning in October! Says Skid, "We're so relieved that it all went so well. We couldn't believe the reaction we got. But it could've been disastrous... We might never have been able to return if the tour had been bad." Full tour dates in the next issue.

WASP (does that still stand for 'We Are Sexual Perverts', or are they a serious Rock band now?) will release a brand new track in September, entitled 'Sunset & Babylon'. It will be sold in four different formats, each containing old WASP tunes. The best one on offer is the 7-inch, with a cover of The Rolling Stones' 'Paint It Black' and the original demo version of 'Animal (Fuck Like A Beast)' on the B-side. The CD-single also has 'Animal', plus 'Sleeping In The Fire' and 'I Wanna Be Somebody'. Then there's a gatefold-sleeve version, with 'Schooldays' and 'On Your Knees' on the B-side. A picture disc is also being released.

TOUR DATES
(from August 23rd):

BON JOVI/BILLY IDOL/MANIC STREET PREACHERS/LITTLE ANGELS: Milton Keynes National Bowl (September 18th, 19th)

PORNO FOR PYROS/ALICE IN CHAINS/RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE/MASTERS OF REALITY/BUTTHOLE SURFERS/THERAPY?/FISHBONE/TOOL/BODY COUNT/FRONT 242/STONE TEMPLE PILOTS/BAD BRAINS/PRIMUS: Reading Festival (August 27th, 28th, 29th)

SMASHING PUMPKINS: Wolverhampton Civic Hall (September 11th), Cambridge Corn Exchange (13th), Leeds Town & Country (14th), Manchester Academy (15th), Liverpool Royal Court (17th), Glasgow Barrowlands (18th), Newcastle Mayfair (19th), Nottingham Rock City (21st), Cardiff University (22nd), Southampton Guildhall (23rd), London Brixton Academy (25th)

DEATH: London Astoria (September 29th)

LYNYRD SKYNYRD: Hammersmith Apollo (September 10th), Birmingham Symphony Hall (13th), Manchester Apollo (14th)

FREAK OF NATURE: Southend Esplanade (September 1st), Stoke Wheatsheaf (2nd), Basingstoke Premiers (3rd), Dudley JBs (4th), Glasgow Cathouse (5th), Middlesbrough Arena (7th), York Bonding Warehouse (8th), Buckley Tivoli (9th)

SPIN DOCTORS: Manchester Academy (September 25th), Glasgow Barrowlands (26th), Brixton Academy (October 7th)

DOGS D'AMOUR: Exeter Cavern Club (August 23rd), Portsmouth Wedgewood Rooms (24th), Plymouth Cooperage (25th), Norwich Oval (26th), Northwick Theatre (September 1st), Windsor Old Trout (2nd), London Marquee (3rd)

OPTIMUM WOUND PROFILE: London Marquee (September 4th)

SICK OF IT ALL/BLACK TRAIN JACK: Manchester Rockworld (September 1st), Bradford Rios (2nd), Dudley JBs (3rd), Birkenhead Stairways (4th), London Islington Powerhaus (5th)

MAD COW DISEASE: London Brixton Vox (August 26th), Croydon Cartoon (September 3rd), Oxford Jericho Tavern (11th), Stockton On Tees Waterfront (15th), Salisbury Arts Centre (25th), Oldham Shack (30th)

MARSHALL LAW: London Royal Standard (August 27th), Nottingham Rock City (September 10th)

ANATHEMA: Norwich Oval (September 2nd), London Royal Standard (3rd), Kidderminster Foley Park, Blitz Festival (4th), Colchester Hippodrome (7th), Southampton Joiners (9th), Cardiff Bogiez (10th), Tunbridge Wells Forum (11th), Glasgow Cathouse (14th), Hull Adelphi (15th), Leeds Duchess (16th), Leicester Princess Charlotte (17th), Wokingham Phoenix Plaza (22nd), Cambridge Boat Race (23rd), Portsmouth Air Balloon (24th), Harlow Square (25th), London Marquee (26th), Bradford Rios (29th), Liverpool Royal Court (30th)

ORANGE DELUXE: Grimsby County Hotel (August 23rd), Cambridge Boat Race (24th), Canterbury Expose (26th), Southampton Joiners (September 6th), Cambridge Junction (8th), Bristol Fleece & Firkin (12th), Manchester Cathedral Arches (15th), East Grinstead 101 Club (17th), Devon Cooperage (29th)

COMPETITIONS:

MEET AEROSMITH!!
Yep, Aeroforce One, the official AEROSMITH fan club, are offering two lucky Metal Hammer readers the chance to meet The Toxic Twins when they come over in October and December - plus free membership of the fan club! The two winners will win tickets for either Wembley Stadium (7th or 8th December) or Sheffield Arena (21st October) (please state your preference), plus 'Meet And Greet' passes! Just answer the following questions:

1. Which member of Aerosmith thought up the band's name?
2. In what year did Joe Perry leave Aerosmith?

Answers on a postcard to: Aerosmith Competition, c/o Metal Hammer, 134b King Street, Hammersmith, London, W6 0RQ

WIN!! 'LAST ACTION HERO' JACKET & CDS!!
It's true! Arnie's given us his very own jacket! Well, not quite *his*, but it's a very nice, padded jacket anyway! Emblazoned with the 'Last Action Hero' logo, you could be the envy of all your friends as you swan about pretending to be as tough as Arnie! And, if you don't win the jacket, you could win one of 10 'Last Action Hero' CDs, featuring new tracks from Megadeth, Queensr_che, AC/DC, Alice In Chains and many more! Just answer this:
What nationality is Arnie Schwarzenegger?

Answer on a postcard to: Last Action Hero Competition, c/o Metal Hammer, 134b King Street, Hammersmith, London, W6 0RQ

WIN!! BABY ANIMALS BOXED SETS!!
Imago Records have very kindly offered 10 Metal Hammer readers the opportunity to win a limited-edition three-CD/EP boxed set of Baby Animals two-track EPs, featuring, in total, *six* brand new tracks from the antipodeans' new album, 'Shaved And Dangerous'. Each CD/EP comes in a special 'animal skin' sleeve. You know what to do:

Which well-known guitarist features on 'Shaved And Dangerous'?

Answer on a postcard to: Baby Animals Competition, c/o Metal Hammer, 134b King Street, Hammersmith, London, W6 0RQ

GET OUT OF THIS WORLD WITH 'THE ABYSS', 'CONAN THE BARBARIAN', 'PLANET OF THE APES' AND 'FREEJACK'!!
Yep, you heard it right. Metal Hammer is exclusively offering you a ticket to the stars for nothing more than the price of a stamp and the smallest amount of brain-power. Five lucky winners have the chance to own copies of each of the following Warner Bros videos: 'Conan The Barbarian', 'Planet Of The Apes' and 'Freejack;' plus Fox Video's 'The Abyss', all of which will afford you instant access to other worlds, loin cloths and ape-like humans!
Oh yeah, one problem: There's no return ticket and you have to answer the following questions. Shit.

1. Who plays Conan?
2. In a battle of wits between apes and humans in 'Planet Of The Apes', who would win?

Tie-breaker: In less than twelve words, decide just why it is that Conan so barbaric?

Answers on a postcard to: Out Of This World Competition, 134b King Street, Hammersmith, London, W6 0RQ

SEPTEMBER ALBUM RELEASES

BANISHED: The Dead Shall Inherit	**Peaceville**
BELIEVER: Dimensions	**Roadrunner**
BLOOD FROM THE SOUL: TBA	**Earache**
BUFFALO TOM: Big Red Letter Day	**Beggars Banquet**
CHAINSAW KITTENS: TBA	**Sub Pop**
CLUTCH: TBA	**East West**
CRUNT: Crunt	**Touch & Go**
CYNIC: Focus	**Roadrunner**
DEAD CAN DANCE: Into The Labyrinth	**4AD**
DIDJITS: Quesirhan	**Touch & Go**
DISCHARGE: TBA	**Hollywood**
DRUG FREE AMERICA: Trip	**Peaceville**
ENTOMBED: Wolverine Blues	**Earache**
EXTREME NOISE TERROR: TBA	**Touch & Go**
HAMMERBOX: Numb	**A&M**
HATER: Hater	**A&M**
HAIR AND SKIN TRADING COMPANY: TBA	**Beggars Banquet**
HEART: Desire Walks On	**October**
INNERSTATE: Protest To The Signs	**Roadrunner**
LEGS DIAMOND: The Wish	**Music For Nations**
LES THUGS: TBA	**Touch & Go**
LIFE OF AGONY: The River Runs Red	**Roadrunner**
LILLIAN AXE: Psychoschizophrenia	**Music For Nations**
GEORGE LYNCH: Sacred Groove	**WEA**
MALEVOLENT CREATION: Stillborn	**Roadrunner**
MEATLOAF: Bat Out Of Hell I: Back Into Hell	**Virgin**
MELVINS: TBA	**East West**
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KISS Anmakze	14.99
KISS Asylum	14.99
KISS Gene Simmons (Kiss Solo)	14.99
KISS Kiss	14.99
KISS Smashes Thrashes and Hits	16.99
KRAVITZ, LENNY Stand By My Woman (Picture Disc + extra trks Japan)	20.99
KRAVITZ, LENNY Mama Said (Aus only Digi Pack)	22.99
KRAVITZ, LENNY Let Love Rule + Live Tracks (Aus only)	22.99
LT Smed The Magic (German)	17.99
LITTLE ANGELS Jam- Japanese CD (2 bonus tracks and logo sticker)	17.99
LITTLE ANGELS Live At The Hammersmith (Jap)	18.99
LITTLE ANGELS Young Gods and Live Tracks (Jap)	28.99
LITTLE EVA Best Of (US)	14.99
LYNYRD SKYNYRD Best Of All The Rest	14.99
LYNYRD SKYNYRD Gold and Platinum	23.99
LYNYRD SKYNYRD Legend (Holland)	14.99
MANIAC ST PREACHERS Stars and Stripes (jap)	19.99
MANIAC ST PREACHERS You Love Us (Jap)	14.99
MANIAC ST PREACHERS Stay Beautiful/Motown Junk (US 5 track)	9.99
MANIAC ST PREACHERS Little Baby Nothing (Jap 4 track)	18.99
MANIAC ST PREACHERS Gold Against The Soul (Jap) with bonus live CD	28.99
MEATLOAF Midnight At The Lost and Found (Aussie only)	12.99
MEGADEATH Countdown to Extinction (Jap)	30.99
MEGADEATH Hanger 18 (Jap)	14.99
METALLICA One (Jap 8 track)	18.99
METALLICA And Justice For All (Aus) Gold CD stamped signatures	25.99
METALLICA Interview CD '92 (Ger)	9.99
METALLICA Kill Em All (Aus Gold CD)	25.99
METALLICA Master Of Puppets (Aus Gold CD)	25.99
METALLICA Metalica (Gold CD with stamped signatures AUS)	25.99
METALLICA Ride The Lightning (Aus Gold CD)	25.99
MOTORHEAD Best 20 (jap)	20.99
MOTORHEAD Unreleased Tracks	20.99
MOTORHEAD Epon	20.99
MOTORHEAD The Compact Collection	15.99
MOTORHEAD Eat The Rich (Ger)	8.99
MOTORHEAD Live 1983	9.99
MOTORHEAD Overkil (Jap)	14.99
MOTLEY CRUE Too Fast For Love (US)	13.99
MOTLEY CRUE Decade Of Decadance (Jap + 2 extra tracks)	25.99
MR. BIG Live! Raw Like Sushi Vol 1	24.99
MR. BIG Live! Raw Like Sushi Vol 2	24.99
NIRVANA Local Anasthetic	16.99
NIRVANA Incesticide (US)	16.99
OSBOURNE, OZZY Just Say Ozzy (US)	14.99
OSBOURNE, OZZY Live and Loud (Jap 2 CD booklet and tatoo stickers)	40.99
OSBOURNE, OZZY No More Tears (Aus)	7.99
OSBOURNE, OZZY No Rest For The Wicked (US)	14.99
OSBOURNE, OZZY Speak Of The Devil (US)	20.99
PAGE, JIMMY Jimmy's Back Pages (US)	16.99
PEARL JAM Way Back To Seattle (Ger) Live 92	22.99
PEARL JAM Ten (Ger) Pinkpop Edition	22.99
PINK FLOYD The Wall (2 on 1 Gold Ultradisc)	25.99
PINK FLOYD Meddle (Gold Ultradisc)	25.99
PINK FLOYD Dark Side Of The Moon (Gold Ultradisc)	25.99
PINK FLOYD Works (US)	18.99
PINK FLOYD Final Cut (Aus)	9.99
QUEENSRYCHE Jet City Woman (German)	7.99
QUIET RIOT Metal health (US)	11.99
QUIREBOYS ! Dont Love You Anymore (Jap 5 track)	16.99
R.E.M Radio Song US Tower Of Love Bug Mix)	7.99
RAMONES, THE Road To Ruin (Jap)	18.99
RAMONES, THE Leave Home (Jap)	17.99
RAMONES, THE To Tough To Die (Aus)	17.99
RAMONES, THE Animal Boy (Aus)	17.99
RAMONES, THE Leave Home (Aus)	18.99
RAMONES, THE Ramones (Aus)	18.99
RAMONES, THE It's Alive (German)	22.99
RED HOT CHILLI PEPPERS Abbey Road Ep (US)	12.99
RED HOT CHILLI PEPPERS Taste the Pain (US)	7.99
RED HOT CHILLI PEPPERS Give It Away (Maxi) (US)	7.99
RED HOT CHILLI PEPPERS Uplift Mofo Party Plan (US)	18.99
REO SPEEDWAGON Hi Infidelity/Good Trouble 2CD's	14.99
REO SPEEDWAGON Earth A Small Man	13.99
REO SPEEDWAGON Second Decade Of (81-91)	13.99
ROLLING STONES More Hot Rocks 1	13.99
ROLLING STONES More Hot Rocks 2	13.99
ROLLING STONES Sex Drive Jap 4 track)	18.99
ROLLING STONES Another Side Of Steel Wheels (Jap)	20.99
ROLLING STONES 1st (Englands New Hitmakers) (canada)	19.99
ROLLING STONES Still Now (Canada)	19.99
ROTH, DAVE LEE Crazy From The Heart (Jap 5 track)	17.99
SAMSON feat Bruce Dickinson Heads On	18.99
SAMSON feat Bruce Dickinson Shock Tactics	18.99
SAMSON feat Bruce Dickinson Survivors	18.99
SAMSON feat Bruce Dickinson Live At Reading	18.99
SANTANA Collection Gold 13 tracks	8.99
SANTANA Guitar Legend 3 CD's	12.99
SANTANA Lotus-1973-LIVE 2 CD's	14.99
SANTANA Marathon/Zebop 2 CD's	14.99
SANTANA Moonflower 2 CD's	14.99
SANTANA Santana1/Abraxas 2 CD's	14.99
SANTANA Santana/Abraxas/Third 3 CD's	24.99
SANTANA Spirits Dancing In Flesh	13.99
SANTANA Very Best Of 28 tracks 2 CD's	15.99
SANTANA Viva Santana + previously unreleased material 2 CD's	17.99
SKID ROW feat Garry Moore 34 Hours	16.99
SKID ROW B Sides (Jap picture Disc)	14.99
SKINNY PUPPY Censor (Extended) plus 3 mixes (US)	7.99
SLAUGHTER Stick It (Live US)	17.99
SLAYER Region In Blood (German)	22.99
SLAYER Seasons In The Abyss (US)	20.99
SONIC YOUTH Starpower (US)	11.99
SOUNDGARDEN Loudest Love (Jap

WE'LL MEAT AGAIN

Fifteen years after the main event, Rock's most feared/revered partnership is back on the rails. MEAT LOAF and JIM STEINMAN have returned to the scene of the crime to make a follow-up to the third best-selling album of all time, 'Bat Out Of Hell'. COLIN IRWIN is pinned to a wall in New York by the outrageous Mr Loaf.

The man in black may never see forty again, but he's shaking some real mean ass. He yells, he struts, he pouts, he points, he sweats like a pig, he moves, he shimmies, he shakes a tail feather... he is Meat Loaf. The rest of the band hang on his every word as Meat (yeah, it's daft, but that *is* how you address him) knocks his troops into shape with a mixture of glares, threats, intimidation, charm and subtle coercion. He's a huge, charismatic character, this Meat Loaf; larger-than- life and twice as ugly, directing operations like a demented Stormin' Norman Schwartzkopf. The musicians watch him in awe and admiration, the gorgeous new backing singer looks terrified... but as they swing into 'I'll Do Anything For Love (But I Won't Do That)', one of the key songs on his new album, the effect is mesmerising.

It's only an old rehearsal studio on a blazing hot day in downtown New York, and these may only be the initial stages of full rehearsal for a tour that'll take them right round the world and well into next year, but you know instinctively this is *specia.*

Stunning. Brilliant. Overwhelming. Mindboggling. Breathtaking. Inspiring. These are a few of the gushing adjectives you spew at Meat as the great man trundles over to seek your opinion.

He beams. He*beams*!

"Yeah, it's coming together. It's not bad, but there's a long way to go. See, this has got to be great. No use just being 'OK', this has got to be *the best.* I want my musicians to be schizophrenic. I want the audience to *twitch.* If somebody doesn't say it's excessive, bombastic, self-indulgent and over the top, then I've done something wrong."

This is Meat Loaf about to assault the globe in a way only he knows how. A good fifteen years after launching 'Bat Out Of Hell', an album that's become the third best-selling album of all time (sales approaching thirty million and still going strong), subsequently becoming a veritable godfather of modern Metal and a crucial landmark for Rock video, Meat has been reunited with his collaborator, friend, producer and songwriter extraordinaire, Jim Steinman, to release a sequel, 'Bat Out Of Hell 2: Back Into Hell'.

"No, it's not a sequel, it's a *continuation,*" scolds Meat, a tad irritated. "Sequels are what Rap bands do 'coz they use the same tracks with different words. Like The Knack did. This is like 'Star Wars' or something, when you just get more of the story. 'Tales From The Crypt' or a Stephen King type thing. Seven tales of emotional drama..."

Drama is right. After whipping his band into shape, Meat adjourns to the unspeakably famous Power Station Studios, where Jon Bon Jovi's uncle, no less, greets guests with a smile and an anecdote. This is where 'Bat Out Of Hell 2...' was recorded in all its finery, and the engineers take great delight in strapping visitors between the speakers to hear 'The Epic' and entertain themselves listening to the gasps of amazement as the full extremes of dramatic overkill assail the senses.

"If somebody doesn't say it's excessive, bombastic, self-indulgent and over the top, then I've done something wrong."

At one point between tracks, for example, a hail of bagpipes suddenly burst through the speakers for no apparent reason.

"Ah, the *bagpipes!*" says Meat a little uncomfortably when you ask him about it.

Pic: D.O'Regan

meat loaf

"They actually play the melody to one of the tracks, 'Wasted Youth'. I brought in three bagpipe players to use on the track because the tune has a highland sort of feel, but what I didn't realise was that bagpipes don't play sharps or flats and, because there's a G-sharp in the tune, we couldn't use them with what I was singing. But I like the sound of the bagpipes, so we just stuck it on at the end of the track."

Sure, but why *three* bagpipes?

Meat looks at you deadpan. "'Coz I couldn't get four..."

The man is a gem.

Meat Loaf and Jim Steinman first met at New York's Public Theater (sic) in 1972, when Meat was a young actor appearing in a play written by Steinman, 'More Than You Deserve'. It was a meeting Rolling Stone magazine once voted the seventh 'Most Significant Rock Event' of all time. Meat, of course, doesn't argue with that assessment. He remembers singing the title song in the first act to a cast of soldiers... and stopped the show. It happened again. And again. Eventually they wrote in an encore as part of the story. That's when Meat first realised that the chemistry between his voice and Steinman's pen was potentially lethal.

There were various other theatrical projects. Meat had already appeared on Broadway in 'Hair', 'Rainbow' and the 'Rocky Horror Show', and worked with Steinman again in the 'National Lampoon Roadshow' and 'Neverland', a futuristic version of 'Peter Pan'. With Todd Rundgren as the third member of the Unholy Trinity, they used their theatrical vision to create 'Bat Out Of Hell', with its ghoulish images of monsters, madmen and motor-bikes.

"I don't think the way musicians think. Neither does Jim - he's scared of musicians, 'coz we're theatrical. When we say that, people think we must be like Alice Cooper, but he's pure circus. You see him, you're going to the circus. You go see my show - OK, you get the circus effects, but you also get the character study. You come to us and you also find out *about* the tightrope act, and *about* the clown.

"See, musicians have never been important to me. The only people I ever listened to as a kid were the Rolling Stones, the Kingston Trio and Bob Dylan. Then, long after he was dead, I got into Buddy Holly... and it took me forever to get into Hendrix."

When it finally started orbiting the earth at such an unseemly pace, 'Bat Out Of Hell' sent Meat doolally. Steinman, with his allergy to musicians and shy at the best of times, didn't want to know about any star trips. And poor old Meat just couldn't cope with all the crap that came with the territory. Every arsehole in the universe crawled out of the closet and, before he knew it, he was embroiled in a load of heavy nonsense that turned him into a musical cabbage, leaving the late seventies and early eighties an unsightly blur.

"... it's not a sequel, it's a *continuation*. Sequels are what Rap bands do 'coz they use the same tracks with different words."
Pic: D.O'Regan

"To be honest, I can't even tell you what happened. I just fell apart. I lost it. I didn't even have the sense to say 'I quit'. I just left. I was gone. I still don't know why. I remember spending Christmas Day at Billy Joel's house. I saw his wife in the street and she invited me over. Me and Billy spent the afternoon watching football games. I remember that, but I don't remember much else.

"I have no point of reference for that period. I remember going to stay at the Watergate Hotel in Washington at one point, but the rest is a blur. There was so much turmoil with all these horrible people I'd been involved with. There were some people going to jail and prison and all kinds of stuff, and they were trying to subpoena me to go and give evidence, but I wouldn't. There were lunatics all around, and people stole everything and CBS were claiming breach of contract. It was horrible. Jim and I still haven't been paid for any 'Bat Out Of Hell' sales since 1980..."

And there we were imagining you'd made a multi-fortune out of 'Bat Out Of Hell'...

"I *should* have done. I should have a castle on top of a hill in Switzerland. But I tell you, I'm happier now than I've ever been. My wife and kids are fantastic and life has been really good for the last five or six years. I got new management a couple of years ago and they're real strong and real bossy and real scary. They're Hollywood heavies, man, they're big time. And I got the Rolling Stones' and Prince's lawyer."

There had been stories, too, that his 'retirement' had been fuelled by a bust-up with Steinman, but Meat denies it all...

"No, Jim and I never fell out. But I did have a falling out with Rundgren. He just said something to me and I didn't like it and I left and never went back. I didn't *want* to go back, I wasn't mentally ready. Basically, everyone just wanted to make money and that was all it was about, that's all it's ever about. I don't mind people making money, but it's not what I'm about. So I got sued for eighty-five million dollars, and all kinds of horrible things happened. I tried to do a film and they threw an injunction on me to stop me doing it."

Meat returned to active service in the mid-eighties with a couple of albums he now dismisses derisorily, 'Dead Ringer' ("I only did it because they threatened to sue me.") and 'Midnight At The Lost And Found' ("I was just fulfilling the contract."), even though the former produced his biggest-ever hit single, 'Dead Ringer For Love', with Cher. A hit everywhere, however, except the States.

"That sold seven million records but, in America, they wouldn't play it because Cher wasn't hip then. They wouldn't touch her with a ten-foot pole. But she sang it great and the video was magnificent. That was before MTV, before people were making proper videos!"

His relationship with Steinman is an interesting one. Meat is the ultimate showman, using the characters Steinman creates like personal friends and enemies, whereas, for all the

overcharged atmosphere he creates with such apparent lust on their records, Steinman shuns attention, maintaining an intriguing image as a shadowy svengali in the background.
And the two need one another. Meat's recorded work without Steinman has, by his own admission, been largely dismal. Similarly, Steinman hasn't exactly set the world on fire when he's worked with other artists - Bonnie Tyler (with 'Total Eclipse Of The Heart') was the only one to have any real success.
Meat is at a loss to explain it, but acknowledges there's a rare chemistry between them that spells 'HITS' which can't be recreated elsewhere.
Recording can also be a long, painful business because of their attention to detail and their idiosyncrasies. It's now seven years since the idea of a new 'Bat Out Of Hell' was first mooted, but their recording process is notoriously slow.
Meat talks agitatedly of psyching himself before he can get in the mood to tackle a song, like an actor getting into a role.
"It really hurts sometimes, it's physically painful. Going into the studio, I *hurt*! I don't like it at all. I get nerve damage on my arms and stuff. I don't even know why. I go so deep inside these characters. I have to vibe up for about two days before I go watching into the studio to do a character.
"First time it ever happened, I swear I saw a ghost floating around. I was doing a song by Tom Waits called 'Martha' and I swear I saw this woman materialise right above me... this head just floating there. I can create these images.
"And, when we were recording 'Life Is A Lemon' on the album, I used this kid who was my daughter's boyfriend as my character. Everything always seemed to go wrong for him, so I used him as the character and his dad as the person I was singing to. While I was creating this character, I got so angry that nobody wanted to come to the studio while I was doing it. I was screaming at everybody when we were doing the vocal. I was *vicious*. And once we'd done it, I came back and apologised to everyone!
"Jimmy works the same way. He becomes the characters when he writes the songs, and he doesn't snap out of it as quickly. He thinks of himself as a mother and these are his children. Everything he writes he really cherishes. And the thing about these songs is that they're not in any time frame, they're in their own existence. That's why 'Bat...' still sells now."
You must have some dynamite clashes with Steinman then...
"No, not really. We think alike a lot. Sometimes we might clash over a vocal style. The most memorable was when we did 'All Revved Up'. He wanted me to sing it in a certain way and I wanted to sing it in another way. I didn't meant to, but I picked up a chair and threw it at the glass and it went right through. So there's glass everywhere and the chair and everything, and Jim doesn't move. He doesn't scream. He just looks at me and says 'OK, maybe you're right... we'll do it your way'.
"I'm not as temperamental now, I roll with the punches. The most important thing is the work. I relate to the stage so much. I can't watch other people on stage, it drives me nuts. It's hard for me even to listen to other people's records. People always ask me what I listen to, and I say 'the news'."
((DROP CAP))That's not to say Meat isn't in touch with developments in Rock. He thinks Nirvana are OK, but that Pearl Jam are a lot better; he admires Madonna, and still has huge affection for Van Halen and Aerosmith. He will not be playing any European festivals, though, since being bottled off at Reading Festival a few years ago.
"The press said I should have stuck it out - but how would *they* have liked it if a load of people had started shouting and throwing bottles of piss at *them* while they were writing their articles?!")
He also believes that 'Bat Out Of Hell 2...' is not only one of the most expensive, but one of the greatest albums you're likely to hear this century. And Meat being Meat, you kinda believe him...

"I just fell apart. I lost it. I didn't even have the sense to say 'I quit'. I just left. I was gone. I still don't know why."

A NEW LEVEL OF POWER

NEW BANDS DEMOS CLUBS GIGS

Yes, there is life out there! The music industry may claim that we're suffering a 'talent recession', but we know different! This issue, our resident bloodhounds sniff out yet another trio of torrid talent just itching to BE NOTICED!!

Asylum aren't strictly an unsigned band. Hailing from deepest Reading, the band formed in 1989, quickly securing a deal with the tiny German independent label, Houses In Motion. Since then, they've been steadily growing in stature over on the continent, but it's here in England, the so-called 'home of Rock music', that's been ignoring their four-year climb.

"This German label basically offered us a deal," explains bassist Paul Burnel. "We thought, 'hang about, what about England?'. So we approached about thirty companies, and they basically said 'thanks but no thanks'. The German label was still offering, so we took it."

Since then, Asylum have played with Zodiac Mindwarp, Stiff Little Fingers, Bad Religion and Mudhoney, blasting their own particular style of Gothic-tinged Metal all over the place. It seems a shame that a band of this quality don't get the recognition they deserve from their native land, but that could all change. This year they're hoping to get on the bill for the Reading Festival, something that was 95% definite before Vince Power took over promotion duties. At time of writing, Asylum were just one of the many bands waiting on the back-burner for a last-minute slot. Good luck lads!

If you like your music heavy and moody, then Asylum are just the ticket. See them soon.

NEIL ALDIS

Since forming only last October, Orange Deluxe have been creating what can only be called a *strange* kinda buzz on the gig circuit.

Well, these sure are an unusual bunch. The US may have GWAR and Green Jelly, but we've got a North London quartet known as Slow Boat To Barnet - a band that don't intend to be funny, they just have a really hard time writing serious lyrics. Who else would look to that advert for Lamot Lager for a Manowar-style setting? "We wrote most of the lyrics before we had a singer", explains lead guitarist Matt Quinn who, along with drummer Tom Cox (who, coincidentally, can be seen as a sado-masochistic superhero by the name of Mr Whippy in the popular horror flick, 'Bad Kharma', currently being remade by Linzi Drew!), vocalist Joe Carrier and drummer Jim Connell, make up London's only Metal-mongous turbo mega-band.

"Now that Joe writes the lyrics, they come out stupid as well. It's gone beyond a joke. There are so many crap bands around at the moment, and we know we're good. We want to write really good songs, get in the charts, but not sell out!"

Not sell out venues, or not sell out to the corporates? Erm...

For more information, write to: SBTB, 98 Highgate West Hill, London N6 6NR

TONY DILLON

Got what it takes to be part of the new level of power? Know of a band who does? send demos, photos and information to: New Level of Power, Metal Hammer,134b King Street, Hammersmith W6 ORQ

Strange? Well, let me put it this way. The band, formed by singer/songwriter, Paul Bassett, from the remains of legendary cult trio, Five Thirty, appear to have stuck their mitts into the Rock'n'Roll jamboree bag, stirred it around a bit and come up with the most contradictory orgasm of sound I've heard since, well, The Beatles.

"We wanted to fuse together the sounds of, say, Sonic Youth and the Black Crowes, plus loads of other stuff," says Paul, "and just see what we came up with. Actually, the final result proved how much more English we sound than we'd expected, but that's a bonus."

Indeed. Whilst 'Hot Lung', on their four-track demo, is a pleasant, slide-guitar-driven thang, with a hefty dose of T Rex-inspired lilting to boot ('Anti-Gravity Blues' gets the full Bolan treatment too in places), 'Angelique' has the spirit of Hendrix in its crunching, soul-busting guitar philandering. Here, guitarist Ian Copestake is highlighted as a man with a real fire in his belly for the spirit of Hendrix - real carnal stuff here!

These comparisons by no means efficiently project the Orange Deluxe tang, nor are they an insult, for the band utilise their influences merely as spontaneous injections, weaving them into the overall pattern of sound. A truly psychedelic experience, if 'psychedelic' means 'beautifully indefinable'.

For more information, write to: Dave, Interesting Management, 81 Harley House, Marylebone Road, London NW1 (071 486 8794)

PIPPA LANG

CLUBSCENE

THE MADHOUSE
The Fighting Cocks, London Road, Kingston Upon Thames, Surrey. Every Thursday, 8.00pm to 11.00pm. DJ: Pippa Lang (Metal Hammer). Free raffle. Entry: £1.00 before 9.30pm, £1.50 after. Aerosmith, Ministry, Stereo MCs, Faith No More, Metallica, Sabbath, House Of Pain...

THE CATHOUSE ROCK CLUB
9 Brown Street, The Broomielaw, Glasgow, G2 8PE (041 248 6606). See local press for Cathouse gig guide.

GIGANTIC
The Marquee, Charing Cross Road, London WC2. Every Friday, 11.00pm to 3.00am. Entry: £6.00. DJs: Jonathon and Jared. Nirvana, Sugar, Rage Against The Machine, Therapy?...

LOONY TOONS
The Dome, Dartmouth Park Hill, London NW5. Every Saturday, 10.00pm till late. Entry: £5.00. DJs: Jonathon and Eko. Chili Peppers, Soundgarden, Black Crowes...

RIDE TO ROCK
The Woodman (Function Room), Blackfen Road, Sidcup, Kent (081 850 3181). Every Friday, 7.30pm to 12.00pm. Live bands and Metal disco.

GIGANTIC
The Marquee, Charing Cross Road, London WC2. Every Friday, 11.00pm to 3.00am. Entry: £6.00. DJs: Jonathon and Jared. Nirvana, Sugar, Rage Against The Machine, Therapy?...

THE ROYAL STANDARD
Blackhorse Lane, Walthamstow, London E17 (081 503 0700). Bands all week, plus 'Jam Nite' every Monday.

H.A.F. (HARD AS FUCK)
Underworld, 174 Camden High Street, London NW1. Every Wednesday, 10.30pm to 2.00am. Anthrax, Alice In Chains, Helmet, Infectious Grooves, Young Gods...

Want your club included in our nationwide club guide? Send details to the address opposite.

POSTCARDS FROM THE 'EADS

Dear Metal Hammer,
A few years ago, your magazine published 'The Definitive Hard Rock and Heavy Metal Encyclopaedia'. Since then, it has come to my notice that it needs updating and revamping now that we have the likes of Grunge, Funk Rock/Metal etc. Also, with bands such as Faith No More, Hole, Nirvana etc., if it is at all possible, I would be willing to help in compiling such a ginormous undertaking. I look forward to hearing from you soon.
Yours sincerely,
Dave Wilson

PS: If it is at all possible, please print a large poster of Girlschool.

Dear Metal Hammer,
I know you had to print the truth about why the Chili Peppers were not able to go to Glastonbury but I read up to the part about the death of frontman Anthony Kiedis then started to cry. (I couldn't help it, it was such a shock, and I love Anthony so much.) I tried to read the rest, but I couldn't because my eyes were full of tears, so my best friend (who was with me at the time) had to read it for me. It then said it was just a rumour and I was so relieved, yet very angry that you could print such a thing in such a way.
Sarah Elworth

PS: In your next issue, I think you should print an extra-large poster of Anthony Kiedis just to put Metal Hammer back on my magazine list, otherwise you have just lost a *few* customers.

Dear Hammer,
How can you criticise Guns N'Roses? Have you sold 40 million records? Can you play an instrument? Have you been on the road, and done a gig? Have you got the confidence to stand up and sing in front of 50,000 people? Are you the best guitarist in the world as Slash is rated? I think you don't know what you're talking about. If you don't like Rock then don't criticise, stick to your nursery rhymes. Silly sad pathetic cretins.
Sarah, Wales.

Dear Metal Hammer,
Are there any die-hard, totally dedicated Metalheads out there? I'm beginning to lose all hope, as Metal isn't big on the scene where I live; Dance and Rave are all that's catered for (yes it's sad but true). I'm hoping to start up a fanzine for dedicated Metallers only, and I'd appreciate if all of you would write in. You can send letters about all kinds of stuff to do with Metal: favourite bands, albums, videos, Metal stars, concerts, clubs, fan clubs, ANYTHING AT ALL, no matter how long or short, stupid or serious. Also, it would be great if you could send loads of photos, artwork, penpal and personal messages, look-a-likes (loads of them!), jokes, cartoons, promote your local band, ANYTHING! The more stuff sent in the better, and we'll save some Metallers out there from depression or boredom ! So please write in!!

Metaller, 23 Cheyney Road, Chester, Chesire, CH1 4BR, England.

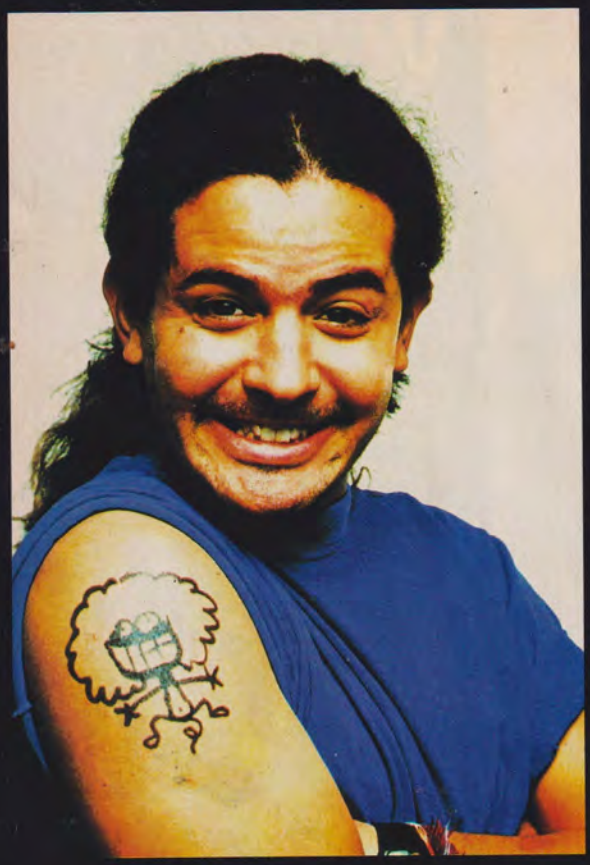
RAGE FOR DE

Sheep? Drugs? Babies? Madness? Did SEPULTURA'S last twelve mon album, 'CHAOS AD', sounds so paranoid? ANTHONY NOGUERA finds eight studio hours as they put the finishing touches to their fifth, an

SORDER!

ns really threaten their sanity? Is that why new out as he joins the Third World Posse for forty finest, album! Chaotic images: Mark Allen

We're in a lounge. The guy sat on the sofa, listening to an ear bleedingly loud rough mix of 'Chaos AD' is Max Cavalera. He's gained a few pounds since the last time you saw him, grown a beard and acquired a couple of extra examples of skin art. But apart from the puppy fat and the whiskers he's basically still the same old Max: a deep thinker and the band's spiritual leader.
Next to him is his twenty two year old drumming brother Igor. Igor's hair, deep red in colour and hanging in messy, semi-dreadlocks, curls over his shoulders.
Guitarist Andreas Kisser is almost painfully shy of conversation. And if bassist Paulo Jnr. seems slightly reserved on stage, off it he's the band's extrovert and humorist. His new favourite English word is 'lovely' (pronounced, 'lubberly', in his Brazilian accent) which he uses to book-end each of his sentences with what he quite wrongly assumes is a Dickensian flourish. He misses Brazil more than anyone else in the band and is ridiculously good company.
The band are just about to finish their fifth album, the really quite brilliant 'Chaos AD'.
We find them in Wool Hall Studios, a village residential affair planted some ten miles outside of Bath. Cheerfully admitting to having little to do with the bricks and mortar creation of the band's music, Paulo has so far not fettered his time in studio work-outs, instead becoming a popular regular at The Wolf Pack, a watering hole down the lane where he drinks like liver failure's going out of fashion.
Together, the foursome line up as one of the most exciting bands on the face of the planet. 'Chaos AD' should elevate them to the position that Metallica enjoyed when 'Master Of Puppets' hit the streets. In 1986 Sepultura were scruffy sixteen year old street urchins in awe of Hetfield and co. and today they swap phone numbers with the self-same world's most popular Metal band. Ironic, don't you think?
"Me and Jason Newstead are trying to get a project together," Andreas sheepishly reveals in his only recorded verbal outing in the time spent in the band's company. For the rest of the time he's busy tailoring his lead work to fit Max's skull-crushing rhythms.
"Jason likes the way I play guitar," he shrugs, looking almost embarrassed when he says it. Obviously the turbulence of success hasn't yet turned Sepultura's heads to mush. If anything, they've become closer, stronger, "like a family," Igor agrees.
After a minuscule six week recording block, the band are at the crucial final mixing stage, the time which can turn



basic sounds into gleaming sonic architecture or soupy gloop. 'Chaos AD' marries the crystallic riffing of 'Arise' with the brutal, unruly killing power of 'Morbid Visions'. It's the sound of Sepultura on a strict diet, with the fatty sub-cutaneous layers of complexity that fleshed out 'Arise' stripped away and replaced with a taught, lean, muscular, no-nonsense wall of power. No faking, no posing, no let-up. 'Chaos AD' emerged from months of relaxed jam sessions that resulted in the album being put together like a jigsaw puzzle. They wrote when the vibe suited them and often left chunks of songs left unfinished for weeks, unhurried in the knowledge that when the time came the pieces would all fall into place. If anything, the album sounds all the more spontaneous for its haphazard inception. It's certainly a more primitive noise than 'Arise'.

"In a way that's one of the only things that we planned about this new record," says Igor. "We wanted a more straightforward, in-your-face approach instead of putting tons of riffs in each song. We got one main riff going and stuck to it."

Kind of like what Metallica did with the 'Black' album after the myriad riff confusion of 'And Justice For All', then?

"Yeah, kind of. We wanted to get more extreme. Live, we saw that straight-forward songs like 'Dead Embryonic Cells' had a much better response than some of the other, more complicated songs. So that was one of the things that we sat down and agreed on before we started. Less complicated means more pissed off! This record is definitely more aggressive than 'Arise', just not as fast."

It's no co-incidence that most of the songs on 'Chaos' break the finishing tape around the four minute mark.

"The mood we were in when we were writing the new album was different to usual," explains Max later in the afternoon. "We were thinking about how it would turn out live. It's like Dr Jeckyll and Mr Hyde, going from what we're like in the studio to what we're like live y'know? It's just that when we get on stage everybody gets into a different mood."

Presumably an aggressive one.

"That's why people sometimes say 'oh, you guys look so er... calm and friendly but live you're the opposite: negative and pissed off'. Well, that's how it is, that's how it works for us. When we're writing, the topics we cover aren't the happiest in the world. I personally get really into it when I'm recording and performing. Sometimes, a line in the lyrics has a lot of fucking meaning for me, like in 'Murder' (from 'Arise'), some of the lines are things like, 'I'd wish I'd never been born'. So, to work live, the shit must really mean a lot because I mean it y'know? That's how it is with this group. Like, this album's more paranoid than anything we've done before.

"I am who I am, the same person I was before I started any of this shit."

"There was pressure on us making this record, which was the biggest reason that we left it a while before we started recording. We knew that we somehow needed to recreate what Sepultura is. A lot of things were becoming very predictable for us, and for the fans too, I'm sure. Things were becoming very boring and I couldn't let the band get like that, man! We knew we had to do something because if we're bored of all this shit then there's no point in carrying on. So we thought we should somehow keep our original aggression but somehow recreate ourselves and Sepultura. Recreate the excitement of being in a band again and the excitement of writing different songs and stuff like that."

RAGE

'Arise' was Sepultura's crowning moment of brilliance. With it came success, popularity... money. Enough for Max and Igor to relocate their mother and sister to America

FOR DISORDER!

and enough for three of the band to buy their own homes. Surely financial security will have blunted Sepultura's ferocity? Igor shakes his head, "No way, because Phoenix sucks! Ha ha ha! I hate that fucking place!" He might be grinning but he's only half joking. Phoenix, he reckons, is devoid of thrills. He'd rather be surfing with his surf-bud, Mat Bronson.

"That's one of the reasons the new album's so paranoid! I don't think that Andreas has done more than three solos. He's not doing normal guitar things, he's going for noises and effects."

A case in point is the ripping 'Clenched Fist' where Andreas' guitar howls like a phantom siren behind Max's staccato rhythmic shoulder barge. In place of a mindless widdle aerobic fret sesh, a soulless, primitive cry echoes menacingly close to the surface of the ocean of noise, bringing the hairs on the back of your neck smartly to attention. It's certainly eerie. Schizophrenic, even.

"It's an annoying sound," Igor agrees, pleased that the change of tactics has been noticed, "and it's really weird when we play it live, it gives you a weird sensation. Even Max has been doing some of that side-ways shit because he hates solos, like me. I hate any guitar hero that exists! So he's more interested in the noises that the guitar can make when you do different things to it. It's a cool thing.

"We thought that Andy Wallace (producer) would want to find the perfect guitar sound and a big drum sound like Scott Burns did on our earlier albums. He didn't. He told us to only bring the equipment we rehearsed with to record the album. He wanted to bring out our personalities through our instruments. We've got a lot more feeling this time round.

"One of the main things that we didn't want to do was to record in America. We wrote the album there when we were all living in Phoenix, which is like a dustbowl. In Brazil, every time we started to practise our friends would always turn up so we'd end up drinking and stuff. In Los Angeles or New York our favourite bands would always be playing around the corner so it'd be difficult to concentrate on recording."

Which necessitated a retreat to the windy climes of South Wales., "Where we recorded it's just grass and cows," he laughs, eyes widening. "We'd look around and it'd be like, 'OK, let's go do some fucking recording!"

"A lot of things were becoming very predictable for us, and for the fans too."

He's smiling, and with good reason. There's just over a week left of final mixing and the tracks sound AWESOME. The smart money says this is going to be the one to blow the band sky-high, and with Metallica becoming the Dire Straits of Thrash, there's an opening in the market for a band with Sepultura's street level aggression. And seeing as 'Chaos AD' is more Punk and Hardcore than Thrash, more passion than fashion, the future is undeniably theirs.

'Bio-tech Is Godzilla' comes crunching out of the studio speakers like contained thunder. With lyrics written by ex-Dead Kennedy, Jello Biafra, it's one of the most violent tracks on offer on the new record. Close behind is the punishing 'Slave New World'. The wildly aggressive 'Amen' centres on an upturned, criss-crossing riff compounded by Max chanting over a Gregorian gilted backing which is, along with the acoustic 'Kaoiwas' (named after a tribe who committed mass suicide rather than give up their land rights), is the most left field song the band have ever written. This is an album of chances. Surprisingly then, the first single, 'Territory', is in Max's words, "a traditional Sepultura song. Nothing weird about it, it's pretty straightforward."

'Propaganda', with its scathing message and seething core might've been a braver lead-off track.

'You think you have the right to put me down/ Don't believe what you see/Don't believe what you read.'

The lyrics are obviously pretty personal.

"It's aimed at people in general," muses Max, checking out some disturbing pictures from the Brazilian police files. Hundreds of naked corpses line a prison corridor. Max wants the image to be used on the album sleeve.

"The lyrics go, 'Why don't you get a life and grow up?/ Why don't you realise that you've fucked up?/ You think you have the right to put me down/ behind propaganda you're scum.'

"It's about having the power to put you down in print, but not having the guts to say things face to face. They wouldn't come to you and say, 'Look bastard, you talk shit'. They have no guts but they'll use their TV shows, magazines and even fanzines y'know? I can do one too, but I don't want to write shit about people. It's weak, a fucking faggots thing to do. It just means you're a fucking asshole, those people who have no guts to say it to my face."

With the band are Max's wife and band manager, Gloria Bujnowski, and their tiny tot-son, Zyon, whose name Max has inscribed on his right knuckles. Earlier in the day, Igor had said, "It's cool that he's got married because we've been through a lot of different periods in our career, we've been through drink and drugs and shit like that, and out of the four of us Max is the one who is really weak for that kind of temptation. So the marriage kinda showed him another side of his life to explore. He's seeing life differently now."

"I'm not your martyr or your leader."

Max's health deteriorated badly on the last leg of the 'Arise' tour, stress compounded by heavy drinking at one stage meant that Max's ulcer bled so badly that he had to go into a Canadian hospital for five days. Andreas took over vocals until he was back on his feet. Browsing over some more stomach churningly disturbing police shots whilst eating a cheese sandwich, Max allows his keep-a-distance veneer to drop.

"My childhood and youth were very confused and very disturbed," he says solemnly, confirming his reluctance to unlock his personality for strangers.

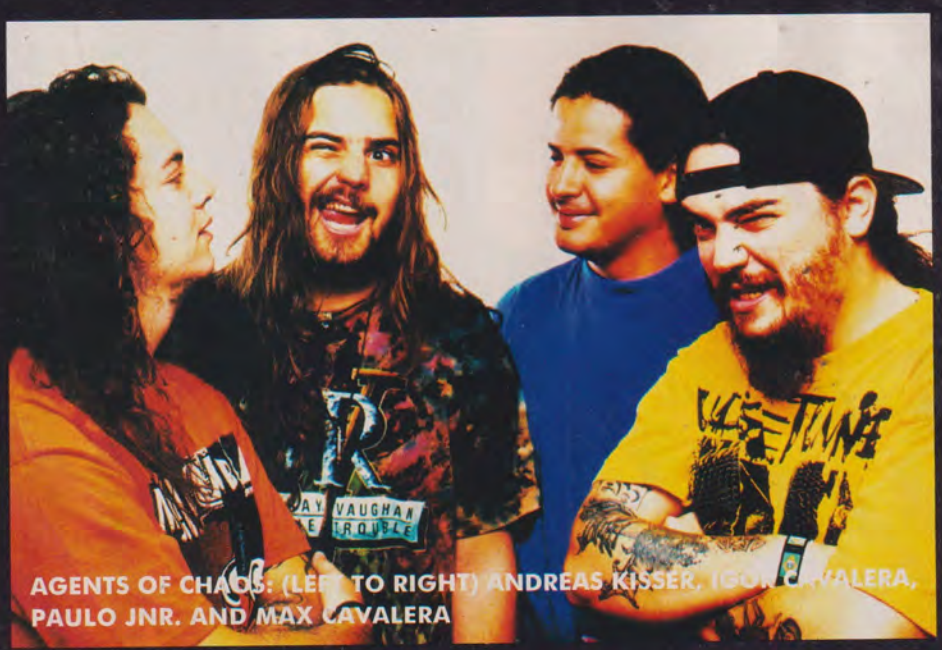
"The stuff from my childhood will stay with me for the rest of my life. I don't think that those things will ever be erased. I learnt from my mistakes," he mumbles mysteriously. "It was a weird way to grow up. If I had grown up like I was meant to, I mean, if my father didn't die when we were so young, and I grew up like a rich Brazilian boy, then I would probably have never ever've got into the band and I'd probably be some asshole working in a embassy somewhere.

"Sepultura gave me a chance to do what I love more than anything, and gave me the chance to open different doors in my life. I just thank God that my life ended up like it has. It's like, without it... I don't know man, I'd probably be dead or doing drugs, you know? I wouldn't be up to anything worthwhile, that's for sure.

"It's weird," he thinks aloud, trying hard to fathom out just what it is that people - the press, the fans, anybody, want from him. "They expect you to be clever... they expect everything man. I am who I am, the same person I was before I started any of this shit," he growls, clearly unhappy at his promotion to the position of unofficial spokesman for Brazil. "I'm one of those people who doesn't really expect anything. I'm not into 'knowing myself' or going to see psychologists or even trying to love myself. I'm not your martyr or your leader. Some people ask me if I feel like a Brazilian leader - it's like, 'no man, I don't even want to be one. I enjoy music and writing lyrics but that doesn't mean that I'm the leader of a generation just 'cause people want me to be. If that's what they want then they'll be disappointed. I'm always pissed off about something, there's always something that bugs me."

But today?

"Today I'm more satisfied and pleased with things than ever before."



AGENTS OF CHAOS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) ANDREAS KISSER, IGOR CAVALERA, PAULO JNR. AND MAX CAVALERA

Morgoth?

MORE METAL!!!

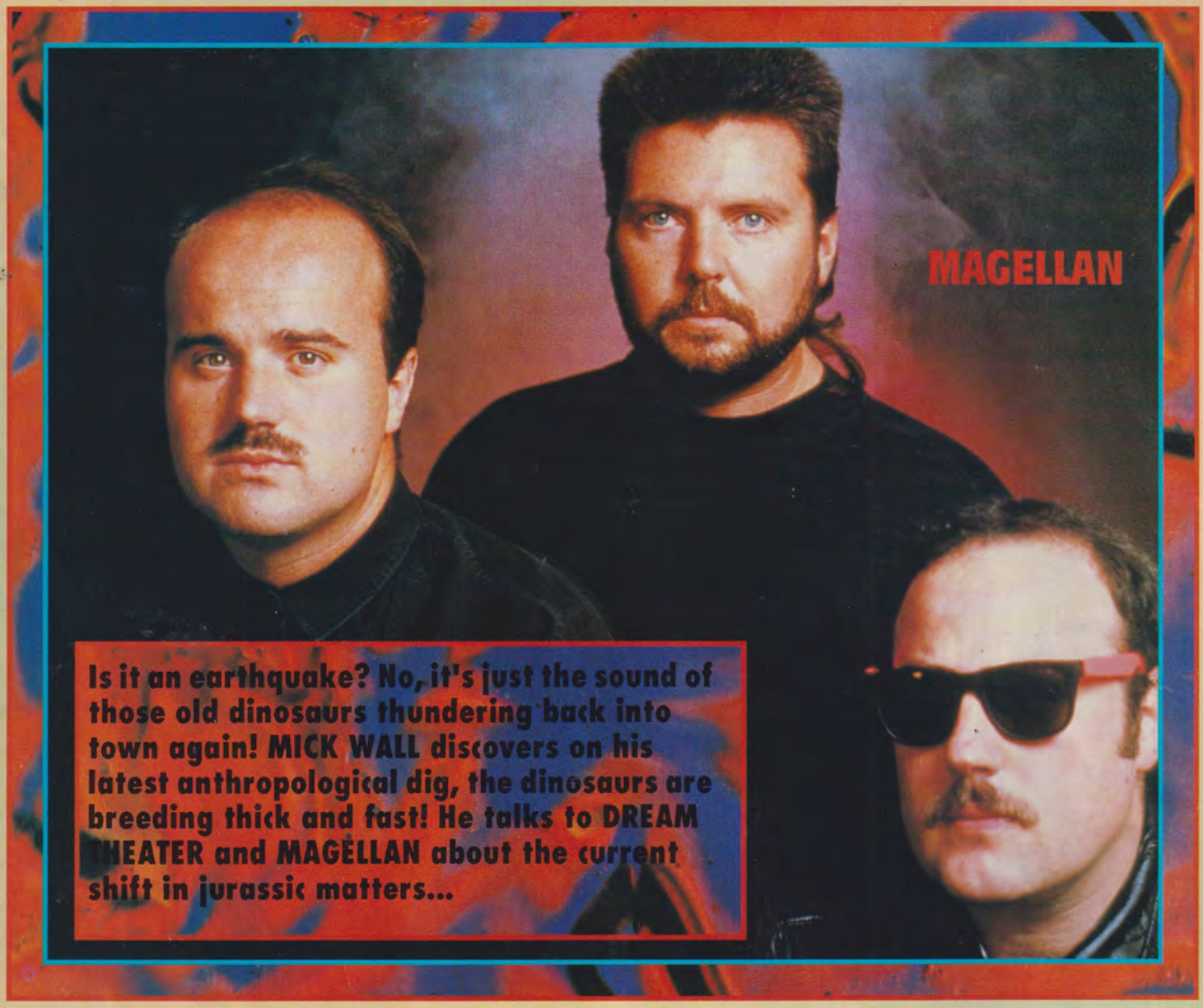
MORGOTH, one of Germany's finest purveyors of all things heavy, finally release their long-awaited new album, 'Odium'. NEIL ALDIS takes half-an-hour out of his hectic schedule to talk to frontman CARSTEN OTTERBACH about the changes they've made.

"When we started playing, we were only about fifteen or sixteen years old. At that time, we had different intentions for our music, what with stress from our parents and school, so we played very brutal music. As we've grown up, we've found different things to interest us, so the music and lyrics have changed a little to reflect our changing interests. But we still have the *hate* inside us, hate for our government and our society."
So says Morgoth warbler Carsten Otterbach. Morgoth have caught my ear, so to speak. There's something about them that makes me keen to sit up and take note. That 'something' could quite possibly be the fact that they actually have tunes, *songs*, something to nod your head to.

"I don't want to be part of a Fourth Reich - if that happens, I want to be dead."

Their latest release, 'Odium' (Latin for such topics as 'hate', 'disgust' and all manner of negative things), is packed full of serious musical beatings but, unlike most Death Metal bands, Morgoth don't rely on brutal poundings, super-fast guitar riffs or over-the-top nonsensical vocals. Instead, their power lies in the quality of songwriting and the overall sound that their music exudes: more fuzzy than buzzy!
"In the past, when we started, we were typical Death Metal, but our influences have changed over the years. Each person in the band has their own favourite band. For example, I listen to a lot of Hardcore, whereas our guitar player listens to Pink Floyd and Genesis.
"When we come together in the rehearsal room, we just jam and put it all together. As I said, I listen to a lot of Hardcore, so maybe the lyrics don't sound so Death Metal anymore. I tried to make it so that you can understand the words - that was the main intention."

"I'm happy with it!" he laughs, as I enquire what his feelings for this record are. "I think it's the best we've ever done. I know everyone says that, but it reflects our work over the past two years. I think we've improved a lot, we've become better musicians, we've got better at writing and we've screwed around with some new things like samplers and keyboards. I think it's the next step up from 'Cursed'. I'm very happy with it, even the sound is better than the last record.
"It took us two years to write all the songs. That's the difference between this one and the last one, which took us five months. I mean, we just wanted to have a one hundred per cent perfect album. We changed a lot of things during that time, like, after we recorded them, we didn't want to think that it could have been done better, so we took a long time to perfect it so we could get the songs just the way we wanted them."
What kind of attitude were you after on 'Odium'?
"We just wanted it to be different, you know? There are a lot of aggressive parts, but also a lot of atmospheric parts on the album. The intention was to have a very dark, apocalyptic feel. Some of the album is doomy and slow, other bits are very aggressive but, all in all, it has a very dark atmosphere."
Atmosphere plays a very important role in Morgoth's repertoire, and 'Odium' has bundles of it. Lurking amongst the competent thrashings of tracks like 'Resistance' and 'The Art Of Sinking', you can find deep brooding numbers like 'Submission' and the title track itself, the latter being an instrumental affair that flows from a soft, emotional lilt to the kind of slow, heavy guitar sound more often found in the grooves of a Doom record.
"It just came over us," he explains, without any regard for the innuendo he's just made. "We were rehearsing and jamming and playing stuff in a different way. We don't want to limit ourselves by just doing one style, we try to spread our minds in different directions and, as a result, I think there are parts of these songs that aren't typical Metal. But that's what we wanted to do, you know, and it worked out really well."
How long do you see yourself doing this?
"Maybe till the world falls apart, I don't know. It's not getting any better, the Apocalypse is not that far off. Perhaps the world will fall apart in the next ten years, because we're definitely heading in the wrong direction."
It'll have to get worse before it gets better.
"You think so? These things like fascism are just the beginning. If we don't stop it now, it will get out of control. I don't want to be part of a Fourth Reich - if that happens, I want to be dead."
With an attitude like that, you can bet that Morgoth are going to be laying down some heavy shit for a long time to come.



Is it an earthquake? No, it's just the sound of those old dinosaurs thundering back into town again! MICK WALL discovers on his latest anthropological dig, the dinosaurs are breeding thick and fast! He talks to DREAM THEATER and MAGELLAN about the current shift in jurassic matters...

Of course, the question to ask about Progressive Rock has never been 'what is it?' - we all *know* what it is. Medieval names and concept albums, long meandering solos from every instrument in the band before you get to the first chorus, and lyrics that would send you cross-eyed trying to discern the 'hidden' meaning of... The question has always been *why* is it?'. I mean, why take a perfectly good, immensely successful musical form like the three-minute Pop song, and diddle with it and fuss about until the poor bastard's now three times as long, but not even *half* as catchy any more?

And we're not just talking about Yes and Genesis and all those other sleeping giants like the Floyd and Tull and ELO. If you're talking *serious* Prog, pal, you also have to include the likes of Metallica, whose first four albums, shrunk down to snugfit size, would have made almost as good a conventional Rock album as their most recent, wised-up, Bob Rock-produced, mega-plat 'Metallica' album; Led Zeppelin, who always viewed anything under six minutes as B-side fodder; and not forgetting Queen, whose Freddie Mercury single-handedly transformed the word 'pretentious' into something new and meaningful; Rock music with all the ermine trimmings.

Even Guns N'Roses, whose Axl Rose was so smitten as a youth by the neo-classical Pop-epics of Jeff Lynne and the Electric Light Orchestra that he couldn't resist flirting with a big, expensive bank of synthesisers on the last Guns N'Roses album, tweaking at the tits of otherwise reasonable Pop crud like 'November Rain', until it swelled up into almost Gothic proportions.

But that's just my gas filling the room. *Metal Hammer* thought it might be a better idea if I talked to two of the current most cred proponents of what is, after all, an even more maligned musical genre than Heavy Metal.

I began by speaking to Trent Gardner from Magellan. Trent grew up listening to the usual overachieving culprits: Tull, Marillion, Kansas, Yes... but admits that there's still, in his words, "a great deal of Progressive music I just can't stand. I'm not into that mystical dungeon stuff, and I think that, in many ways, that's what has contributed to the demise of that kind of music.

"Prog Rock endures because it's not limiting." MIKE PORTNOY, DREAM THEATER

"I mean, if you mention a band like Queen in the same breath as Progressive Rock, it's viewed as kind of a *demotion* in most people's eyes now."

Trent insists that, these days, Progressive Rock means "Pantera as much as it once meant Marillion. Prog is Sepultura..."

Mike Portnoy from Dream Theater (sic), the most prominent of the latest wave of recognised Prog-rockers, says he would cast the Prog-net even wider than that.

"Sure, I grew up listening to a lot of ELP and Pink Floyd and Jethro Tull like everybody else," he says. "But, to me, Progressive

music never meant just those guys.
Progressive music meant all kinds of different Rock music, whether Jazz derived or Classical. The musicianship was always the key thing."
Indeed. Well, I remember the days when older, more venerable brothers of friends would try to tear me away from my T Rex singles, and make me sit still long enough to appreciate a vintage piece of guitar virtuosity from the winsome likes of a Steve Howe or a Mike Rutherford. It was all so smug and self- serving.
These were the kind of people who collected stamps or coins, or went train-spotting.
Worse, it was always taken for granted that the musicians in so-called 'Progressive outfits' were inherently better musicians than their counterparts in the less elevated Pop and Rock bands.
As Trent Gardner says, "If you know how to play, you shouldn't have to prove anything."
Nevertheless, he admits that Magellan enjoy their extended solos as much as the next fretboard fidget.

HALF A MILLION PROG FANS CAN'T BE WRONG!?

"Live, certainly, there are solos in our set. But mostly, these days, we're concentrating on trying to write good songs, no matter how long they are."

Isn't it all just over-preening self-indulgence, though? And isn't that why everyone from Genesis to Metallica eventually ended up aiming for, and eventually having hit singles?
"I was classically trained," says Trent. "I got a degree in music theory from college. But I'm not aloof, or pretentious or any of those things. And neither is the best of Progressive music, ours or anybody else's."
Mike Portnoy doesn't necessarily agree. He simply claims that what I call 'pretentious', he calls 'diverse'.
"When I think of Progressive Rock," he says, "I don't think of self-indulgence. I think, for the most part, it's the diversity that the public go for. Prog Rock, or whatever you want to call it, is just basically anti-Top Forty music. It's really just Alternative music with a fancy name.
"What we want to do in Dream Theater is put all our influences together - the Pantera influences and the Metallica, the Journey and the U2 - and give them some sort of... expression, I guess. Why not?"
"And there is a compromise beginning to emerge," says Trent. "You ask Mike and I the same questions, but Dream Theater are a very different category to us. We've got a thirty-minute piece called 'The Ubiquitor', but we'd never release it. We used to do it live a lot, but now we realise that it's a lot harder to write a good short song than a good long one."
"We're no different in that respect," says Mike. "For every ten-minute track, we also have a four-minute track. But the enduring appeal of Prog is that it is completely and utterly untrendy. It's not faddish. Grunge, Funk Metal, Heavy Metal, Pop, they come and they go, it's all a fad.
"Prog Rock endures because it's not limiting."
Tell it to Phil Collins. Then ask him why Genesis never had any big hits until he started wearing a three-piece suit and sunglasses and singing covers of old Diana Ross tunes.
Or tell it to Steve Hogarth, and see if it stops him writing anymore of those drippy Pop ballads that have kept Marillion acquainted with the charts these last few years, while Fish seems to have swallowed his own tail.

So... will Magellan or Dream Theater go the Genesis route one day?
Mike is sympathetic, but vows that the day is a long way off yet when he may be called upon to abandon his safe seat behind the drumkit, and learn to tell zippy jokes in between the long bits on stage.
"No, I think I'll just probably reach the stage where I shave my head, start wearing combat clothes and listening to SOD albums," he chuckles darkly.
But seriously, folks, as a famous Prog-drummer once titled his solo album, Mike says that, as far as he's concerned, the only legitimate reasons he can think of why Rutherford, Gilmour, Anderson and the rest want to forget about the past and steal a march on the world's singles charts now is down to that old chestnut, 'maturity'.
"The reason they all took that route - Rush and Yes and Genesis and so on, is because they got older, I guess. Maturity sets in and...."
He sounds as though he just put something funny in his mouth and wants to spit it out again.
Maturity as *in* finally - but is it a case of reaching middle-age and realising what a game of tin-hatted soldiers this widdly-widdly Prog Rock business all is, or simply just getting too old to pomp the night away no more?
"Both," he says, without missing a parp.
"Maturity as far as songwriting goes, maturity as in just getting too old as well, yes. But that still doesn't mean that writing a ten-minute song is immature, but that perhaps there comes a point where you simply don't *feel* like experimenting anymore."
He's right, of course. I know because I've just reached it.
Parp parp!

My Sister's Machine

SISTERS ARE DOIN' IT FOR THEMSELVES

MY SISTERS MACHINE come from Seattle, a fact that's been the bane of their lives over the past year. The band are hoping their second album will make some impact. NEIL ALDIS gets cynical with vocalist/guitarist NICK POLLOCK and guitarist OWEN WRIGHT.

My Sisters Machine didn't happen last year. They had all the right elements - grungey guitars, long hair, the right clothes, an unwashed aura, 'Seattle' somewhere in their home address - but it just didn't happen. Perhaps it was *because* they hail from Seattle, and released their debut album, 'Diva', *after* everyone else from that neighbourhood that the record- buying public didn't want to know. In fact, me mentioning Seattle (again) here and now has probably put you off reading any further! But, stick it out, because My Sisters Machine have proved to be groovy enough for the mighty Warner Brothers to sign them up, and release their second, aptly-titled album, 'Wallflower'. As a result, the four-piece from *Washington* (aha!) are beginning to smell a change in the air...

"When we started out touring for the last record, there were seven of us in one transit van, sleeping on people's floors, if we could, or in the van," recalls Nick Pollock, vocalist and guitarist. "Eventually, we started sharing motel rooms, seven in one, then it went on to two rooms between us until, finally, we got two people to a room! Now things are better, we've got a bigger bus, and Warners are taking care of us a lot better."

1993 saw them leave Caroline (a subsidiary of Virgin Records) to sign with Warners. The move has made them particularly happy, as they now don't have to worry about the bullshit side of the music business and can, instead, concentrate solely on the music. This more focused attitude can be heard on their latest opus. Why the title 'Wallflower'?

"It's the kind of name that your mum would look at and say 'how nice!', but it doesn't really represent the kind of music it contains.".

'Wallflower' is not a Grunge album, if 'Grunge' is meant to be this great big, dirty, noisy thing. It's certainly heavy, but in the same way that Soundgarden are heavy, and no, they don't sound anything like Soundgarden, it's just that it's more *Rock* than anything else. It has that catchy, groovy quality. 'Wallflower' picks up where their debut, 'Diva', left off, promoting headbanging in places, danceable now and again but, this time around, things have improved. Nick's vocals are a lot more powerful, *just* managing to stay behind the 'angry shouting' border-line, but what do they, themselves, notice that's different?

"Clearer, more decisive sounds. More definition," states Nick, whilst Owen Wright (guitars) adds, "We play like a band, not just four individuals playing their parts, a fact that Nick's pounded into our heads again and again!"

My Sisters Machine. Some would say it's a crap name, but forget where they're from and what they're called and give them some serious attention - you may well be surprised. Like the proverbial wallflower, My Sisters Machine have grown slowly, and the resulting bloom (as David Bellamy would say) is positively radiant. Come and have a sniff!

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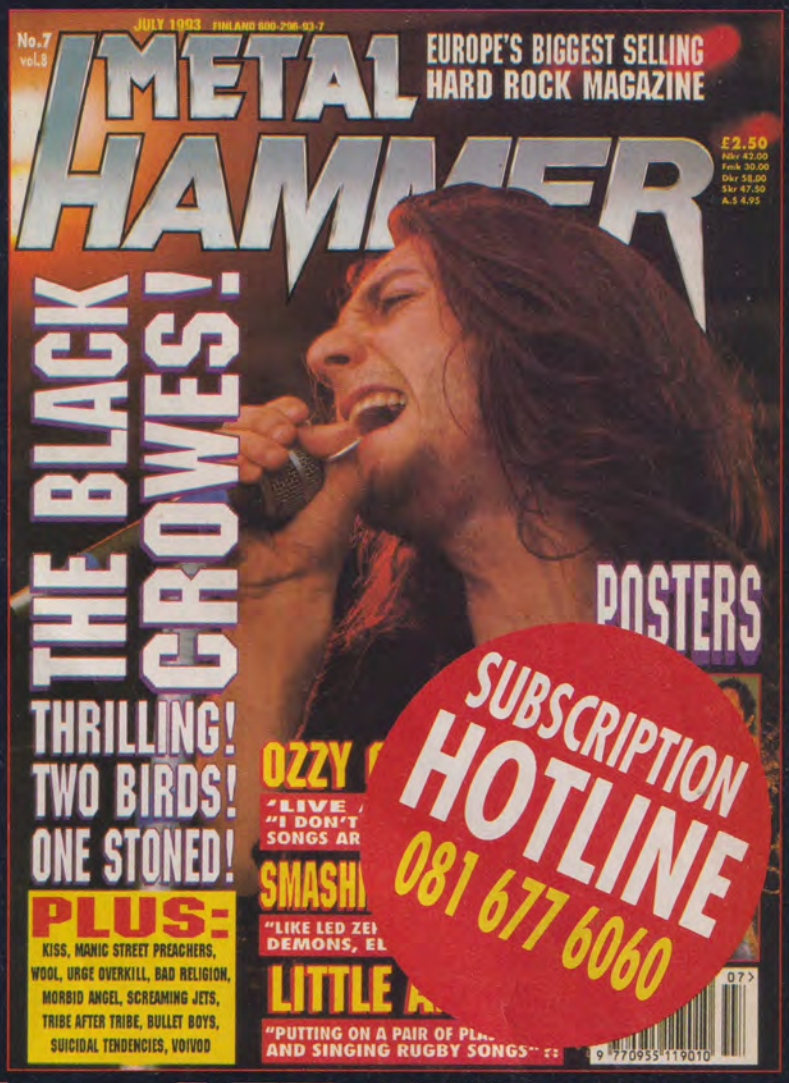

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"I think that Jesus may have been an alien."

GINGER of THE WILDHEARTS is convinced that alien beings frequently visit our planet. On the eve of the band's suitably titled debut album release, 'Earth Versus The Wildhearts', a sceptical CHRIS MARLOWE listens, and wonders if present company is excepted.

'Earth Versus The Wildhearts' is the mildly provocative title of The Wildhearts' first proper album. It is also an appropriate title since, so far in the quartet's history, there have been EPs, scurrilous rumours, unfinished tours, delayed release dates and nearly as many drummers as Spinal Tap. Just about everything, in fact, except an album. Finally, the debut album is here. 'Earth Versus The Wildhearts' took mere days to record, produced by the band themselves in Wessex Studios, London, and mixed by Mike 'Spike' Drake. It is quite simply, a wonderful, brash, drunken, rough'n'roll accident of a record. Spilling over with sweaty charm and melodic BIG guitar the album is easily far and above the already high expectations marking out The Wildhearts as something really quite special. The album was thrown together in a matter of days... and it sounds like it! Ginger growls his way through a motley collection of love

"We saw this round thing, the size of the moon. It was really, really glowing."

songs and hate songs, with a tumbling sense of fun, sadness, anger, and frustration. The Wildhearts wear their hearts way out on their sleeves! Ginger thinks it's "a fucking classic", and that's all there is to say about it. So today we're gonna talk about something else. Fortified by Newcastle Brown and cigarettes in a West London pub, Ginger is happy to acknowledge his belief in what less ardent folk would call 'flying saucers'.

"I *maybe* saw a UFO when I was six. It's so confusing, like remnants of a dream. But I remember the scene. I was playing with my friends, and this gigantic silver moulded thing, no joints or rivets or anything, came *so* close to the roofs of the houses where we were. All my friends ran away and I stayed to watch. I can't remember any of the rest of it. I just remember seeing the thing, and then running to my friend's house, and my friend's mother wouldn't let me in. And then I ran back to my house. It's all just trying to piece together bits of memories."

NTERS

His subsequent close encounter is much more vivid.

"The *second* one we *definitely* saw. Me and Danny, our bass player, had been kicked off a plane for taking a cooler of beer on, but we kicked up such a fuss that they put us up in a hotel near Los Angeles Airport. We were sitting having Margaritas - no drugs, a little bit of drink - with two guys we'd met. And one of the guys said 'oh look, there's a UFO!'.

"We saw this round thing, the size of the moon. It was really, really glowing. It was floating in the air, much like a balloon being blown in the wind. And then it *stopped*. Then it righted itself, and went swoosh! - directly up into the sky. I mean, it had somewhere to *go*! We could follow it straight up into the heavens, until it was the size of a star, and then *nothing*. Danny will vouch for it, he saw it. And anybody who knows me knows that I don't lie."

Ginger has come to some fairly startling conclusions about UFOs. The eavesdropping couple at the next table nearly choke on their drinks as Ginger casually remarks, "These things are a threat."

"I've got a feeling that they're not all benevolent," he explains, after lighting yet another cigarette. "And I think the American government know enough about them to be absolutely terrified of the possibility of it getting out. You know scientists, high-paid scientists, get trusted with working on UFOs. And there have been quite a few of them who have said 'I think people should know. I'm going to tell'. And they're discredited by their profession, their families sometimes leave them, they get threats to their life, and they still go through with it.

"That means either the American government are employing a lot of nutters, or they're employing people who have actually seen something."

Conspiracy theories require a motive, but Ginger has thought this through as well.

"Why would they do that? Well, you can't predict how people would react to something like this if it was released. Imagine if there was a panic. It's bigger than anything that humans have ever had to come to terms with. People just wouldn't have faith in the superpowers."

Until proved wrong, Ginger has his own deductions about aliens. "They must be *light years* ahead of us in *every* respect. And I think they have a vested interest in this planet. They're probably heartbroken about what we've done to it, considering they entrusted us with it in the first place."

Sounds religious.

"It *is* a form of religion. I also think, for instance, that Jesus may have been an alien; it makes a lot of sense. And it would be a deeper religion, because it would have some substance. No-one's seen God, but they claim to have seen thousands of UFOs."

Ginger's evidently made a serious study of other planetary life, and is constantly reading and researching the subject to enhance his knowledge. His most recent acquisition is a video-tape compiled from seventeen different photographers who were in Mexico to film the eclipse, and who, coincidentally, captured footage of the same UFO from seventeen different perspectives. This documentation, he says, is evidence irrefutable enough to convince even the most hardened sceptics. That's as may be, but it will still leave one very important question unanswered: is Ginger just a nutcase? "I've been told that for years - and it's nothing to do with UFOs! I'm just waiting for them to come down and take me. I wonder if they'll like The Wildhearts?"

THE WILDHEARTS
(L to R) Danny, CJ, Ginger and Stid.

Ginger's recommended UFO reading

1. "Buy a book called 'Top Secret' by Timothy Good. And then get all of his other books! He admits that he doesn't know the whole story, and he just says 'this is the evidence so far'. And in 'Top Secret', you've got to be a real hardened sceptic to go against some of that evidence."

2. "'The Gulf Breeze Sightings'. There are these two people, Ed and Frances Walters, who were really upstanding members of their community and just generally nice people. And this guy, if it was real, was given faith by aliens that he could write their story and, when they were in the vicinity, they'd give him a message in his head and he'd go out with a camera. UFO researchers were giving him sealed cameras, with the first couple of shots taken so he couldn't take the film out and tamper with it, and he still managed to come back with these photos that are incredible."

3. "The two most amazing books, which everyone will probably be more familiar with, are 'Communion' and 'Transformation' by Whitley Streiber. If nothing else, they're a great read."

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REVIEWS

MEGATON RATING

MELTDOWN - ☢☢☢☢☢

SEARING - - - - - ☢☢☢☢

SUNBURN - - - - - - ☢☢☢

HEAT RASH - - - - - - - - ☢☢

COLD AS ICE - - - - - - - - - ☢

METAL HAMMER ALBUM OF THE MONTH

Tracks: Greetings From Shitsville, TV Tan, Everlone, Shame On Me, Loveshit, The Miles Away Girl, My Baby Is A Headfuck/Suckerpunch, News Of The World, Drinking About Life, Love You Till I Don't. Producers: The Wildhearts, Mike Drake & Mark Dodson

After numerous false starts, the Wildhearts' debut LP is finally here. Basically, it's a bunch of demos that sounded worse after being tarted up in the studio, so they've been released in their original form, thus making Nirvana's shandy drinking production on 'In Utero' sound like Andrew Lloyd Webber on big drugs! That means 'authentic' mis-haps are all over this record, including such jems as out of tune singing, messy drums and over-powering guitars! But my Lord if it isn't the most invigorating record I've heard all year! 'What the fuck?! It's my life, I can't lose!' barks mad Ginger in the autobiographical 'Drinking About Life'. My thoughts exactly chap! Big guitars and shouting aren't new to rock'n'roll, but when they're played with such gut-wrenching intensity that you can't really go wrong. 'Earth Vs. The Wildhearts veers from snot-nosed Punk to bar-room Blues, frommate to slobbering piss-head in time to spill your pint, lose a fight and chuck up a dodgy kebab all before the last bus home! Although there's no let up in monsters like 'Loveshit' and 'Greetings From Shitsville' (certainly has a Barbara Cartland-ish way with words doesn't he?), most of the real gems are buried so deep in the guitars that they're only apparent after repeated listening, but when they do pop up... jeez, it's like finding the strawberry centre still on the bottom layer of the choc box: gorgeous! 'Earth...' is very much Ginger's record so it'll stand or fall by whether or not your slant on the big one is anything like his. Not only is this a flawless debut but also the kind of album you'll still be digging out of the collection in years to come. Stupid comparisons come to mind. How's about, 'The Beach Boys covering Motorhead songs with Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis at the helm'? A non-starter isn't it? 'Earth Vs. The Wildhearts' is an unashamed clash of styles and eras that manages to avoid a nasty style wreckage (against all the odds, considering the magpie-like audacity of Ginger's ear for somebody elses tune!) because every song is just brilliant! The Wildhearts are a band with heart and soul and bloody loud guitars that play sweat drenched rock'n'roll so gritty it gets stuck between your teeth! Music to put your shit-kickers on and GO MAD to!! I'm out of superlatives. Believe the hype.

ANTHONY NOGUERA ☢☢☢☢☢

THE WILDHEARTS

EARTH VS. THE WILDHEARTS (East West)

NIRVANA

IN UTERO (Geffen)

Tracks: Serve The Servants, Scentless Apprentice, Heart Shaped Box, Rape Me, Frances Farmer, Dumb, Very Ape, Milk It, Penny Royal Tea, Radio Friendly Unit Shifter, Tourrets, All Apologies, Gallons Of Rubbing Alcohol Flow Through The Strip. Producer: Steve Albini

Is it as good as 'Nevermind'? Is it better? Different? Will it sell as many as 'Nevermind'? Does the Pope shit in the woods? And other inevitable, pointless questions. Let us pretend that this is Nirvana's first album, they're a new band, and nobody's ever heard of them. Hmm... First track sounds like Squeeze. The vocalist screeches a lot on a couple of tracks, namely 'Scentless Apprentice' and 'Milk It'. Can't see the point in sounding like my pet budgie - probably 'coz I'm not hip to the coo-ul, Punk thang - because it's pretty obvious that he can sing properly, particularly on the sensational 'Rape Me', which, if this band were signed, would be a surefire hit (just like the song it's derived from, that 'Smells Like Mum' single by Weird Al Wankybits) - if they changed the lyrics to something like 'Take Me'. 'Rape me! Rape me!' wouldn't go down well as the latest youth rebellion anthem. 'Heart Shaped Box' would also be a good single. A corporate love song, as is 'Penny Royal Tea', a stonking Heavy Metal ballad which features the singer and his wife doing a fine, crooning impression of John and Yoko. On the w-Hole, it's well groovy, though as sickly as a G N'R ballad in places. 'Dumb' sounds like 'Something In The Way' by, erm. But then *erm* don't use cellos, do they?

Titles like 'Milk It' and 'Radio Friendly Unit Shifter' suggest that this band are cynical beyond their combined age and experience, but at least they've got a sense of humour that will arm them against all those foul music industry types.

I think this lot should be able to get a deal. Well, if that Nirvana lot can sell trillions with 'Nevermind', this band will sell squillions with 'In Utero'. Raw as fuck, but heavy concentration on unpredictability and we-don't-give-a-fuckness. Just like Nirvana. Bit of work needed on production though. My tip for them is to get that Jack Endino from Seattle. If he's unavailable, Steve Albini will do. Oh, they *did* use Albini.

Never mind.

Pippa Lang

THE SCORPIONS

FACE THE HEAT (Mercury)

Tracks: Alien Nation, No Pain No Gain, Someone To Touch, Under The Same Sun, Unholy Alliance, Woman, Hate To Be Nice, Taxman Woman, Ship Of Fools, Nightmare Avenue, Lonely Nights. (Bonus Tracks: Destiny, Daddy's Girl.) Producer: Bruce Fairbairn

The Scorpions' single, 'Wind Of Change' remained in the charts and the public's consciousness for months and months, subtly but definitely boosting the German quintet's international status in the process. This is their sixteenth album and, although it probably doesn't harbour such a mega hit, it should reinforce their newfound respect. There are two big showstopper tracks, but neither try to imitate The Scorpions' last massive success, and they come out the better for it. One is 'Woman', which builds with pomp, majesty, layered vocals and strings without ever quite getting pretentious. The other is 'Under The Same Sun', which pensively begins with piano and churchy keyboard sounds before climbing up to Klaus Meine pleading for world peace. With the exception of the bleakly pretty and atmospheric 'Lonely Nights', just about everything else here rocks... like a hurricane, you might say. 'Alien Nation' does it with big chunky guitars and menacingly martial overtones, 'Someone To Touch' does it with an emotionally generous feel and 'Nightmare Avenue' does it with spooky noises on the top. 'Taxman Woman' even does it with a sense of humour. And any one of them could easily fill a stadium. Bassist Ralph Reckermann has replaced the acrimoniously departed Francis Bucholz with a more melodic style, but the guitars of Rudolph Schenker and Matthias Jabs are still the stringed stars. Meine, however, seems to have reined in some of his more operatic tendencies in favour of being more expressive. It's an interesting shift, perhaps marking a move towards a more accessible maturity.

The CD version contains two bonus tracks that actually do seem separate from the rest of the album. 'Destiny' is tinged with a Parisian mood, complete with Gallic accordion and half-French lyrics, while 'Daddy's Girl' addresses incestuous sexual abuse in an intimate, acoustic way.

Chris Marlowe

MEATLOAF

BAT OUT OF HELL II: BACK INTO HELL (Virgin)

TTracks: I'd Do Anything For Love, Life Is A Lemon And I Want My Money Back, Rock'n'Roll Dreams Come Through, It Just Won't Quit, Out Of The Frying Pan (And Into The Fire), Objects In The Rear View Mirror May Appear Closer..., Wasted Youth, Everything Louder Than Everything Else, Good Girls Go To Heaven Bad Girls Go Everywhere, Back Into Hell, Lost Boys And Golden Girls.
Producer: Jim Steinman

"It's not a sequel, it's a continuation." OK, Meat, whatever you say. If you think 'sequel' sounds too much like a cheap word for 'continuation', then we'll use 'continuation', OK? So, it took the Loaf fifteen years to decide that he hadn't entirely satisfied his thespian soul with 'Bat Out Of Hell', that he'd missed Jimmy too much, and that maybe it was time for the bat to go back to hell - the poor thing was getting homesick. Or was it? Perhaps, having set up home here, it didn't want to go back at all...

I'm sorry, but I find this incredibly boring. 'Bat Out Of Hell' epitomised the gaudy, lip-sticked, stack-heeled, psychedelic tastes of the late-seventies 'Hair'/'Rocky Horror Show' generation, with Meat's outrageously OTT performance as Jim Steinman's mouth-piece that it couldn't fail to become the third best-selling album of all time, sell thirty million copies, and turn Meatloaf into the Rock/Opera king.

'... Back Into Hell' is grandiose, bombastic, obscenely pompous all those expansive descriptions landed upon its predecessor. Truly, a 'Phantom Of The Opera' of Rock music. But it *isn't*, I'm afraid, ever going to be anything more than a poor shadow of 'Bat Out Of Hell', which created too much history to leave room for a... continuation. To be honest, it's no better an album than the other four albums he's released since 'Bat Out Of Hell' - so why does *this* credit being called 'the follow-up'? Only because of its title, that's why. A 'let's *tell* 'em it's a continuation, and they'll believe it' kind of approach. Naturally, this will sell a lot, but to an entirely different audience to the first album. Where 'Bat Out Of Hell' was the ultimate Rock album, '... Back Into Hell' will become the ultimate MOR album, played for eternity in the executive suite, which is, after all, a bloody big place.

Pippa Lang

☢☢☢

VARIOUS

JUDGEMENT NIGHT (Epic)

Tracks: Just Another Victim (Helmet & House Of Pain), Fallin' (Teenage Fanclub & De La Soul), Me Myself & My Microphone (Living Colour & Run DMC), Judgement Night (Biohazard & Onyx), Disorder (Slayer & Ice T), Another Body Murdered (Faith No More & Boo-Yaa TRIBE, I Love You Mary Jane (Sonic Youth & Cypress Hill), Freak Mama (Mudhoney & Sir Mix-A-Lot), Missing Link (Dinosaur Jr & Del The Funky Homosapien), Come & Die (Therapy? & Fatal), Real Thing (Pearl Jam & Cypress Hill).

'As you can see by the track-listing above, there was little point in waiting for the launch of the film before releasing this excellent album.' (Press release)

A press release that doesn't reek of fabrication, lies and deceit, that tells it like it is?! Sure seems to be the case, because 'Judgement Night' is a refreshing 'alternative' that challenges the impossible, pulls it off and spits a big, dribbly result into the faces of cynics.

The track-listing should be enough to tell you exactly what's going down here. Reaching right across the Alternative Rock spectrum, format bands collide with Rap in various different guises, all performing original songs (bar Ice T and Slayer, who Metal up three Exploited covers in one crushing Punk Rock medley) in a way that each individual artist sees fit.

So, what's it all for? Well, it's called 'Judgement Night' and, starring Emilio Estevez and Dennis Leary, the soundtrack could only be one thing: mental. However, soundtrack records nearly always suck - but 'Judgement Night' is a massive exception. A glorious contradiction that will have Rap fans mopping their brows and Rock fans on their feet, rhythm rushing through their limbs like a delinquent's first drug rush.

Disappointments? Teenage Fanclub getting lost in the mix. Best moments? Easy: the Slayer/Ice T collaboration kills, Helmet & House Of Pain go for the guts, Mudhoney & Sir Mix-A-Lot Garage it up and Sonic Youth & Cypress Hill just plain trip. 'Judgement Night' is an almost flawless LP.

James Sherry

☢☢☢☢

BLUE MURDER NOTHING BUT TROUBLE (Geffen)

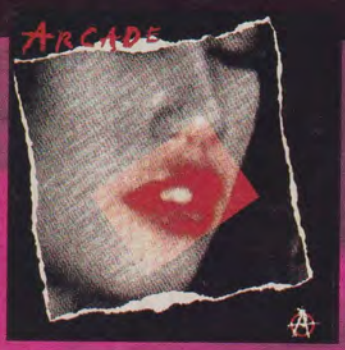
Tracks: We All Fall Down, Itchycoo Park, Cry For Love, Runaway, Dance, I'm On Fire, Save My Love, Love Child, Shouldn't Have Let You Go, I Need An Angel, She Knows.
Producer: John Sykes

I remember, when Poison came out with 'Fallen Angel' for the first time, how everyone said it was clichéd. Then Danger Danger wrote 'Under The Gun', another track about a young girl who goes to the big city and ends up a prostitute. Now we have Blue Murder with their track 'Runaway'. Where is the originality in Rock? John Sykes has played with both Thin Lizzy and Whitesnake - two influences that are hugely apparent in this offering which, for some reason, has taken four years to appear.
Although Carmine Appice and Tony Franklin both play on the album, neither are credited as being in the band anymore. Apparently, they both left because they got fed up waiting for Sykes to get his act together. Instead, you have Kelly Keeling, ex-vocalist with the rather sad none-hit wonder Baton Rouge, session musician Marco Mendoza and young Tommy Osteen holding his own on drums, all playing a collection of rehashed Rock standards and the same old wailing 'I never meant to hurt you' style ballads, completely lacking in feeling and style. Yawn.
Tony Dillon

GEORGE LYNCH SACRED GROOVE (Elektra)

Tracks: Memory Jack, Love Power From The Mamahead, Flesh & Blood, We Don't Own This World, I Will Remember, The Beast Part 1, The Beast Part 2, Not Necessary Evil, Cry Of The Brave, Tierra Del Fuego.
Producer: John Cuniberti

'I am the world's first homicidal lover', claims Mandy Lion when he appears as one of the many guests on George Lynch's latest 'Friends Of King George' outing. On first listen, it may appear to be nothing more than a collection of show-off guitar licks with some famous names singing over it all, such as the Nelson brothers (girlie screams!) and Glenn Hughes. And, in fact, it soon turns into the same showy licks, only with really, really bad lyrics. Rock lyrics aren't usually meant to stand up to scrutiny, but splitting infinitives for the sake of a loose rhyme is just clutching at straws.
Possibly the only saving grace on this album is the excellent instrumental Tierra Del Fuego', to be found at the end of the album. To get to it, you've got to sit through the Starship-style 'We Don't Own This World', the less-than-epic two-part 'The Beast' and 'Cry Of The Brave' - a song that would have Manowar leaping for the Kleenex as they cry tears of laughter. All is tied together by George's tedious and totally non-hooky playing. Come back Lynch Mob, all is forgiven.
Tony Dillon



ARCADE ARCADE (Epic)

Tracks: Dancin' With The Angels, Nothin' To Lose, Calm Before The Storm, Cry No More, Screamin' SOS, Never Goin' Home, Messed Up World, All Shook Up, So Good... So Bad..., Livin' Dangerously, Sons And Daughters, Mother Blues.
Producer: David Prater

Ratt epitomised gloriously stupid Sunset Strip Rock, a much-maligned genre that eventually got strangled on its own spandex. Stephen Pearcy was their voice and main songwriter, who has now joined ex-Cinderella drummer Fred Coury and three other musicians to form Arcade.
Fans will be relieved to learn that the swaggering Pearcy may have got older, but he refuses to grow up. He's mercifully no longer obsessed with superficial sex, yet his outlook on life in general remains steadfastly adolescent. 'Never Goin' Home' and 'Nothin' To Lose', in particular, are distilled brat, fun 4/4 rants complete with apostrophes and outstanding hooks.
Most of these songs also share a tendency to get repetitive and lack proper endings, but there are extreme exceptions. The pretty 'Mother Blues' is a bittersweet acoustic track that could maybe imply that Pearcy has been listening to Jane's Addiction. 'So Good... So Bad...', on the other hand, is a truly awful ballad vapidly composed of practically every boldface entry in the rhyming dictionary.
Chris Marlowe

BABY ANIMALS SHAVED AND DANGEROUS (Imago)

Tracks: Don't Tell Me What To Do, Buputa, Life From A Distance, Be My Friend, Lovin' Lies, Lights Out At Eleven (29/2/92), Backbone, Nervous At Night, Because I Can, Stoopid, At The End Of The Day.
Producer: Ed Stasium

There is one truly excellent, compelling song on this second album from the Baby Animals. Unfortunately, it's a cover of Free's 'Be My Friend'. Not many vocalists could survive Paul Rodgers comparisons even as well as Suze DeMarchi does, but that's not enough mitigation for all the emotion going nowhere that too often characterises the ten other tracks. 'Lights Out At Eleven' has a sultry swing driving some thoughtful lyrics, so that may be the effect the quartet is aiming for all along. What they end up with, however, is muzzy guitar sounds and unconvincing attempts at Blues credibility. No disrespect to the usually excellent Ed Stasium, but the change of producers hasn't exactly helped the band, any more than the occasional input from Nuno Bettencourt has. The sub-Led Zeppelin riffola of 'Because I Can' is graffiti without the physical, and 'At The End Of The Day' seems to think putting spoken verses over a fast-paced instrumental is adventurous. 'Stoopid' gives DeMarchi a chance to show off her considerable abilities, but this is, generally, a forgettable album.
Chris Marlowe

ENTOMBED WOLVERINE BLUES (Earache)

Tracks: Eyemaster, Rotten Soil, Wolverine Blues, Demon, Contempt, Full of Hell, Blood Song, Hollowman, Heavens Die, Out of Hand.
Producer: Tomas Skogsberg

I was not terribly impressed with the 'Hollowman' EP released earlier this year, so this album proved marginally surprising. There are some fine sounds here, the guitars come across in the usual crunchy Entombed style, although they're not as heavy as on previous releases, and the production's great.
But, on the whole, 'Wolverine Blues' leaves me rather cold. Maybe it's because the vocals are unimpressive, in an irritatingly weak Max Cavalera fashion, or because the songs are just too 'samey', with only the odd melodic guitar touch on tracks like 'Contempt' and 'Blood Song' relieving the monotony with their wah-wah pedal flourishes.
I have a special gripe about the fact that the band have chosen to repeat the track 'Hollowman' on this opus only a few short months after it appeared on the EP. Isn't this a completely pointless move? 'Wolverine Blues', the title track, is also on that earlier EP but in a radically different form, thankfully. And there's just one thing I'd like to know - if they're not a Metal band dealing with horror and slaughter, what exactly are songs like 'Demon', 'Contempt' and 'Blood Song' all about?!
Richard J Savage

CRONOS ROCK'N'ROLL DISEASE (Neat)

Tracks: Messages Of War, Rock'n'Roll Disease, Midnight Eye, Lost And Found, Love Is Infectious, Sexploitation, Superpower, Aphrodisiac, Sweet Savage Sex, Bared To The Bone, Dirty Tricks Dept.
Producer: Conrad Lant

VENOM!!!!
VEEEEENNNNNNOOOOOMM!!!!
Well, not quite. Let's face it, Conrad Lant is hardly the Heavy Metal hate machine he once was. There's about as much Black Metal on this album as there is in my ultra-absorbent fourteen-ply toilet tissue, except this isn't as soft. Far from it, this is mean, mean, *mean* all the way, with screaming, shouting and very loud guitars.
It's Metal all right, as Conrad and his Metal cohorts cavort with the Devil in an orgy of, well... just an orgy really. The man with the muscles - and don't mention Van Dammit - is back, and he's got sex on the brain.
I never really went overboard about Venom, even if they were the godparents of modern Thrash. The thing with this album is that the man has softened a little, writing touching little ditties like 'Midnight Eye', although he hasn't softened so much that he's lost the balls to come up with 'Messages Of War' or 'Sweet Savage Sex'. But still, I can't help thinking that here is a man who has had his glory, and must now step down and give way to the likes of Cathedral and Cannibal Corpse.
Tony Dillon

☢☢☢

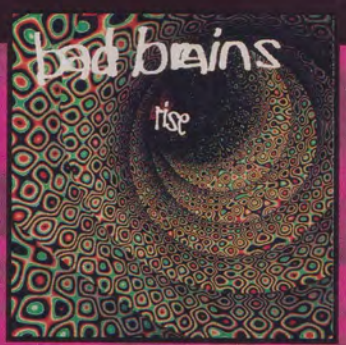
SIX FINGER SATELLITE THE PIGEON IS THE MOST POPULAR BIRD (Sub Pop)

Tracks: *Idiot* - Untitled, Home For The Holy Day, Untitled, Laughing Larry, Untitled, Funny Like A Clown, Untitled, Dead Pan, Untitled, Hi Lo Jerk, Untitled.
Savant - [Love] Via Satellite, Untitled, Save The Last Dance For Larry, Untitled, Zeros & Ones, Untitled, The Neuro-Harmonic Conspiracy, Untitled, Takes One To Know One, Symphony in 'A'.
Producer: Robert Weston

Frankly, I'm confused. Not only is 'The Pigeon...' being split into two separate vinyl EPs, 'Idiot' and 'Savant', but it's a concept album!! I mean, I thought Seattle's hippest were against that sorta thing. I thought Sub Pop had a Punk philosophy. Maybe I was wrong.
Six Finger Satellite are a 'defamatory reaction against Grunge', or so they say. So, instead of Hüsker Dü influences, we have Moonshake influences. Instead of three-chord Garage workouts, we have avant garde House meanderings. Instead of good tunes, we have clever-clever nonsense.
In true Art-Rock style, Satellite have ignored the need to write anything approaching a good tune. They rely on quirky instrumentation, and disappear quietly up their own arses. All the best tunes are the untitled ones, and those are simply links between the tuneless conceptualisms. Mercury Rev, Pavement and Moonshake all, at least, write good tunes.
Gavin McNamara

☢☢

BAD BRAINS RISE (Epic)



Tracks: Rise, Miss Freedom, Unidentified, Love Is The Answer, Free, Hair, Coming In Numbers, Yes Jah, Take Your Time, Peace Of Mind, Without You.
Producer: Beau Hill

'Rise' is Bad Brains' sixth album, their first on a major and their first with new vocalist Israel Joseph-I. For years, the Brains have been blurring the edges of established musical genres, fusing spiritual, mellow Reggae with slamming Hardcore. Today, everyone's doing it, most notably Living Colour. Later in the year, Bad Brains will support Vernon Reid et al in the US. It is strange, therefore, that 'Rise' should sound so similar to Living Colour.
This is a perfect blend of black and white. Tense, direct Rock with free-floating rhythms. Tracks like 'Rise' and 'Miss Understanding' are perfect examples - starting furiously, but finding a heavy bass groove and settling into something altogether easier. Bad Brains are at their best when Rock takes a back seat. 'Love Is The Answer', 'Coming in Numbers' and 'Yes Jah' are heavily infused with Reggae and much the better for it.
Where some of the album lapses into tired Rock boredom, it is the Reggae that lifts the sound. Vernon Reid could never be as spiritual as this.
Gavin McNamara

☢☢☢

CLAWFINGER DEAF, DUMB, BLIND (East West)

Tracks: Nigger, Truth, Rosegrave, Don't Get Me Wrong, I Need You, Catch Me, Wonderful World, Sad To See Your Sorrow, I Don't Care.
Producers: Clawfinger & Jacob Hellner

A leading Swedish newspaper has already referred to this as 'the finest Rock debut to come out of Sweden...'. Not really a remarkable achievement. After all, who is there to challenge them?!
Far more appropriate would be 'the finest Rock/Rap album ever, for 'Deaf, Dumb, Blind' is exactly that. Compared to Clawfinger, even Rage Against The Machine pale into insignificance. Here, there is the true language of urban street violence seething with anger and frustration, and expletives rattle from singer/rapper Zak Tell's mouth.
'Deaf, Dumb, Blind' kicks off with two remarkable tracks. Both 'Nigger' and 'Truth' have already been released as singles in their native Sweden. Both are fiercely anti-racist. 'Nigger' is the stronger of the two, heavily reliant on tight, powerful drumming and crunching chords cleverly mixed with samples and no-nonsense Rap. It'll take a brave man at East West records to release this as a single in this country though. Ultra-white, middle-class Radio One will run a mile! This album should have the widest possible audience but, with so many expletives, it may be denied the exposure it so richly deserves.
Gavin McNamara

☢☢☢☢☢☢

HAMMERBOX NUMB (A&M)

Tracks: Hole, Hed, No, Blur, Outside, When 3 Is 2, Trip, Attack Of The Slime Creatures, God, Simple Passing, Sleep, Anywhere But Here.
Producer: Michael Beinhorn

My first thoughts on listening to this, the third album (but first for a major label) by Seattle Grunge-but-not-Grunge artists, Hammerbox, were as follows: Nirvana for girls. And: I thought that's what Hole were supposed to be.
So I asked my mate, Surrey Grunge God, James 'No Shit' Sherry, for his thoughts, which, as it turned out, weren't so different to my own: "Like watered-down Nirvana," he whined, as I turned the volume up, "Nirvana for adults, sort of thing... innit... I fink... yeah... who's got the gear?". And that's straight from 'No Shit''s lips, kids.
That said, I don't wanna make this review a total downer, because, hey, guess what, it's not half bad, some of this shit. 'Blur' and 'Trip' would fit inconspicuously into most John Peel sessions. And, no, of course you don't have to be a girl to like it. In fact, you probably have to be a boy. After all, who else but some runny-nosed, acne-smeared dick-shake would fall for something as blatantly faddish as this?
Mick Wall

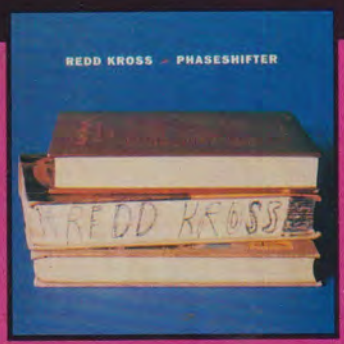
☢☢☢

IGGY POP AMERICAN CAESAR (Virgin)

Tracks: Character, Wild America, Mixin' The Colours, Jealousy, Hate, It's Our Love, Plastic & Concrete, Fucking Alone, Highway Song, Beside You, Sickness, Boogie Boy, Perforation Problems, Social Life, Louie Louie, Caesar, Girls Of NY.
Producer: Malcolm Burn

Jimmy Osterburg's thirteenth album finds the world's forgotten boy still not repenting for his sins, but displaying a curious new discipline that expresses itself in some of the most focused and - gulp! - *mature* songwriting he's managed since his pincer-movement mid-seventies days of collaborating with his former patron, the pseudo-fag from outer space, David Bowie.
Since then, without the crutch of a good guitarist, a good producer, or some good scag, Ig has come up with some pretty unstartling fare. But now, just when I had him pegged for another 'once-upon-a-time', he comes up with his best album for nearly fifteen years.
As Iggy himself once put it, there are "so many damn favourites" here that I couldn't begin to pick out one or two for special mention. Suffice to say, there's enough crank here to please the hardcore Stooges saps, and plenty more to keep their frowning older brothers and sisters interested.
If you thought the imbecilic 'Brick By Brick' was cool, kids, you are in for a shock. Kurt Cobain should live so long he gets to make an album like this, pah!

Mick Wall



RED KROSS PHASESHIFTER (This Way Up)

Tracks: Jimmy's Fantasy, Lady In The Front Row, Monolith, Crazy World, Dumb Angel, Huge Wonder, Visionary, Pay For Love, Ms Lady Evans, Only A Girl, Saragon, After School Special.
Producers: Red Kross

If, like some, you are one of those people who are disappointed with the lack of glamour, sparkle and general *sha-zing* in nineties-style street Grunge'n'Roll, then let me introduce you to LA's Red Kross.
Here's a band that, since their original inception, have become masters of the tacky, the naff and the kitsch. Successfully combining the Garage, street-level sound of Punk with all the glamorous Rock'n'Roll and general over-the-topness of any band more interested in how they look than how they sound, Red Kross manage to both look and sound good.
As we all well know, Rock'n'Roll, on occasions, certainly ain't about the music. For some, a good concept and image can be much more important. For Red Kross, everything is important. Each and every vocal melody and crunching guitar riff successfully hits the spot, from kick off ('Jimmy's Fantasy' - the first single) to the album's closing track, 'After School Special', 'Phaseshifter' is crammed with enough sparkle to reinstore any disillusioned Rock fan's faith in glamorous Rock'n'Roll. Music you can be proud to be seen hanging out with.

James Sherry

THE JESUS LIZARD LASH (Touch & Go)

Tracks: Glamorous, Deaf As A Bat, Ladyshoes, Killer McHann, Bloody Mary, Monkey Trick.
Producers: Jesus Lizard

'Lash' is the Milky Way of the music world: an inbetween album/tour snack that *won't* spoil your obviously uncontrollable appetite for the imminent, full Jesus Lizard album.
Consisting of two spanking new tracks (the first two) and four live recordings (two of which were recorded at their Brixton Academy show as support to Fugazi), 'Lash' serves as an invaluable introduction to a band that, due to the quirkiness and basic inaccessibility of the music, need to let their potential fans warm slowly to their sound. And 'Lash' sure does that.
Considering that 'Lash', to me at least, means to binge, to purge and to over-indulge in either drink, drugs, food or sex (i.e., anything that's fun but bad for you - basically, everything!), it is, indeed, the perfect title for this seething record.
Excessive Noise collides head-on with songwriting of a more accessible 'Rock' nature, resulting in a sound that will appeal to the *real* Alternative (as it has already proved to), but has the crossover potential and ability to win them respect from more than an _lite few.
A good appetiser and possible introduction to an otherwise hard-to-grasp band.

James Sherry

TAR TOAST (Touch & Go)

Tracks: Altoids Anyone?, Barry White, Quieter Fellow, Satritis, Clincher, Giblets, Testors Choice, Standpipe, Mach Song, Theme.
Producers: Tar

Well, this one's definitely got its balls out, though it's more in a naturalist way than any poor exhibitionist way. Kind of like, 'hey, it's just my genitals' than 'look at my bollocks!'.
I like it, it's got something. The guitars remind me of Motörhead live, not padded out with any overdrive, just allowed to be turned up loud enough to create their own distortion, whilst the vocals, at times, have a distinct Rollins style to them.
Opener, 'Altoids Anyone?', punks things up straight away, a blistering three-chord stomp throughout, whilst 'Mach Song' sloths about with an impressively bobbing riff, creating soundscapes throughout, as if building foundations for some grand Noise freakout. It might not arrive, but the slabs have been laid.
All right, there are some forgetful bits, but the main thing is that most of 'Toast' is more than worthy of owning, especially if tracks like 'Quieter Fellow' and 'Standpipe' are any indication of the future.

Neil Aldis

LILLIAN AXE PSYCHOSCHIZOPHRENIA (Music For Nations)

Tracks: Crucified, Deep Freeze, Moonlight In Your Blood, Stop The Hate, Sign Of The Times, The Needle & Your Pain, Those Who Prey, Voices In My Walls, Now You Know, Deep Blue Shadows, The Day That I Met You, Psychoschizophrenia.
Producer: Leif Mases

Pure power of a metallic intensity not heard in an eon. I'm not sure what psychoschizophrenia is - but my diagnosis is that Lillian Axe have come up with a viable alternative to the massed ranks of Grunge and traditional Metal.
Familiar patterns of behaviour abound, like blazing, melodic lead guitar solos from Steve Blaze on the neatly constructed, intriguing 'Voices In My Walls'. But, in between the highly professional Rock-making, there are hints of mystery which help avoid the pitfalls of predictability.
This is Hard Rock/Metal, but with thought and imagination hurled into the melting pot. This is displayed on the melodic but hard-hitting opus, 'Now You Know', which has particularly good vocal harmonies and carefully arranged, overlapping riffs. The production is by Leif Mases, and his stamp on proceedings is enhanced by the addition of new drummer Tommy Scott. There's almost a Beatles/Who feel to the excellent 'Deep Blue Shadows', while a lump rises in the throat during the acoustic song, 'The Day I Met You'. Excellent album for the discerning Rock fiend.

Chris Welch

QUIET RIOT TERRIFIED (Moonstone)

Tracks: Cold Day In Hell, Loaded Gun, Itchycoo Park, Terrified, Rude Boy, Dirty Lover, Psycho City, Rude Crude Mood, Little Angel, Resurrection.
Producers: Kevin DuBrow & Ricky DeLena

Terrified? You will be when you see Kevin DuBrow's new mop! Yes, the band that launched a thousand Pop Rock acts have returned with a new, mature image, a new label and the same old songs. From the opener, 'Cold Day In Hell', you already feel like you're back on familiar territory, even if you would never recognise Frankie Banali on the sleeve shots. As for DuBrow, can this really be the man that once ran across a stage with a bottle of Jack Daniels, which then fizzed out of the bottle when he opened it? Yes, most definitely, as the terrible eighties rockers, 'Dirty Lover' and 'Rude Crude Mood', clearly display.
The standard acoustic number is supplied by another cover of the Small Faces' 'Itchycoo Park'. No, sorry, not acoustic - 'Unplugged' bands don't do acoustic numbers anymore, thanks to MTV.
I'm sorry, but this does nothing for me at all. Quiet Riot were once a great band, but The Beatles would have a hard time if they started out now. QR have been dormant for too long, and it sounds like musical rot has set in.

Tony Dillon

☢

SISTER DOUBLE HAPPINESS UNCUT (Sub Pop)

Tracks: San Diego, Will You Come, Ashes, Whipping Song, Doesn't Make Sense, Honey Don't, Keep The City Clean, Do What You Gotta Do, Where Do We Run?, No Good For You, Lightnin', Louise.
Producers: Sister Double Happiness & Jonathan Burnside

Since Sister Double Happiness swapped their major label deal for a contract with Sub Pop, they haven't changed one jot. Thank God. Their first album was such an indefinable treat, creating the same sort of bizarre, ungrabbable mystery as Warren Zevon or Herman Brood.
The band are a West Coast Rock band, but ex-Dickie Gary Floyd's tormented gurgle of a voice twists that whole concept out of shape. Our resident Grunge kid admitted to liking the band *but* for Floyd's "irritating voice". Strange, but that's the very quirk that makes SDH such a distinctive band.
There's an alienated feel to 'Uncut', a real desolation to 'Honey Don't', whilst the brilliant, kick-shitting 'Ashes' could have been a soundtrack for all the barflies in the world - the band optimistically bouncing away in some lonely saloon-bar whilst the bleary-eyed patrons drown their sorrows. 'Whipping Song', meanwhile, craves the kind of attention 'New Orleans Is Sinking' brought to the Tragically Hip. And that's about the closest comparison I can come up with - a distorted Tragically Hip.

Pippa Lang

☢☢☢☢

LOVE BATTERY FAR GONE (Sub Pop)

Tracks: Search For Rose, Half Past You, Head Of Ringo, In Through The Outside, Split In Two, Feet, Far Gone, Float, Nebraska, I Can't See Nobody, Instrumental, Rust Belt.
Producer: Michael Beinhorn

The band with the best name I've heard for a long time finally get some deserved attention, after hacking around the Seattle circuit for, as Jack Endino informs me, "years and years and years". Their second album, 'Far Gone', is so appealing, you just want to *hug* it. Maybe that's got something to do with the almost claustrophobic production with its *appallingly* dull drum sound and general bedroom-cosy atmosphere. But Michael Beinhorn's produced the Chili Peppers! Could this be his first stab at a 'Garage' production?!
A melody-filled, rust-bucket Punk album without unnecessary aggression, fabulously sloppy yet not in that horribly fashionable 'I must eat my hair while I sing' way. The band really *do* sound genuinely... stoned.
Although 'Half Past You' and 'In Through The Outside' are the outriders, the whole album drifts by like one consistent thought, ending before you've really had a chance to grab its point. Which is why you'll want to hear it again and again and again.
'Far Gone' will become a part of the overall scheme of your music-listening life. I promise.

Pippa Lang

☢☢☢☢☢

THE DWARVES SUGARFIX (Sub Pop)

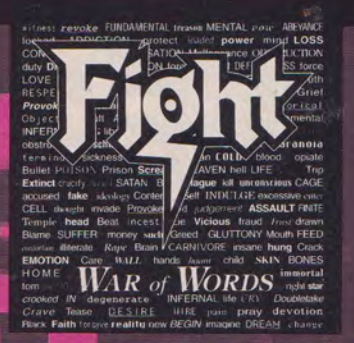
Tracks: Anybody Out There, Evil Primeval, Reputation,Lies, Saturday Night, New Orleans, Action Man, Smack City, Cain Novacaine, Underworld, Wish That I Was Dead.
Producers: The Dwarves, Lucky Tinnitus & Bradley Cook

Dear oh dear. The Dwarves really fucked-up didn't they? A stupid stunt, 'an experiment in media exploitation', the band convinced even their record company, Sub Pop, that their guitarist, Hewhocannotbenamed, had been killed in a bar fight in Philadelphia in April. What they didn't reckon on was how many people found this hoax unforgivably tasteless - including Sub Pop and, subsequently, the band have been booted off the label. 'Sugarfix', therefore, is The Dwarves' last album on the label. Mind you, how long will it be before the band get picked up by somebody else? Not long at all, methinks. And I hope not, 'coz 'Anybody Out There', the opening track and first single, is the moshingest, most pogo-fevered Punk song I've heard since Poison Idea split up. Guaranteed party-fodder!
The whole album is a riotous Punk tribute, The Ramones at war, guitar-trashing, speedball aggression at play, no-holds-barred, no pretence, just get-out-there-and-get-fucked-up music! And, like I said, no doubt the album will get some party animal talent-spotter on the trail...

Pippa Lang

☢☢☢☢☢

FIGHT WAR OF WORDS (Epic)



Tracks: Into The Pit, Nailed To The Gun, Life In Black, Immortal Sin, War Of Words, Laid To Rest, For All Eternity, Little Crazy, Contortion, Kill It, Vicious, Reality, A New Beginning.
Producer: Rob Halford

Reviewing this album reminds me of that old TV ad where the guy has BO and nobody knows how to tell him. It's left to the unfortunate pong merchant's best friend to break the news. I'm certainly not Halford's best friend, but I feel *somebody* has to tap the old boy on the shoulder and whisper in his ear... "Psst! Hey, Rob... this new Fight thing - it's *shite*."
It's not so much the music - bones-into-dust rhythms pumped out like the proverbial unstoppable death-machine, Halford's screeching vocals as nerve-jangling as ever - it's the self-consciously silly pose. It seems that Halford has decided he's more comfortable pretending he's Phil Anselmo than being Judas Priest's frontman.
It's not just the dreadful Fight posters, featuring Halford and crew in cut-down jeans and back-turned baseball caps. But what's the difference between this and whatever the next Priest album would've been - except *that* would probably have had the odd catchy tune. I thought Judas Priest were contrived til I heard this.
If you're gonna have a mid-life crisis, get some knitting needles and slippers. So much more dignified...

Mick Wall

☢☢

BELIEVER

Dimensions (Roadrunner)

Tracks: Gone, Future Mind, Dementia, What Is But Cannot Be, Singularity, No Apology, Trilogy Of Knowledge.
Producers: The Trauma Team & Ted Hermanson

This is Believer's third album in their eight-year history and their second release for Roadrunner. Their first release was for the Christian label, REX, and was distributed mainly through Christian bookstores.
This album sees them progressing in a jazzier, left-field way and coming over uncannily like mid-period Coroner in places. Kurt Bachman's vocals haven't improved much, they're not clear enough to be called classic singing, yet not rough enough to be a deathly growl. Instead, the result is a sort of phlegmy, irritating gargle. In fact, the whole album is pretty irritating. The band use so many style and speed changes that things become confusing rather than interesting, with the emphasis placed on detail rather than good songs.
I could quite happily give Believer five out of five for pretentiousness, especially for 'Trilogy Of Knowledge', a fifteen-minute operatic composition in which Kurt and a hired female Opera singer perform a duet, whilst Scott Laird, violinist and most recent full-time member of the band, waffles on in the background in a trendy Skyclad style.
The consequences are hilarious.
All power to the band for trying something different, but this is not my cup of tea.
Richard J Savage ☢☢

STEVE HOWE

'The Grand Scheme Of Things' (Relativity)

Tracks: The Grand Scheme Of Things, Desire Comes First, Blinded By Science, Beautiful Ideas, Valley Of Rocks, At The Gates Of The New World, Wayward Course, Reaching The Point, Common Goal, Luck Of The Draw, The Fall Of Civilisation, Passing Phase, Georgia's Theme, Too Much Is Taken And Not Enough Given, Maiden Voyage, Road To One's Self.
Producer: Steve Howe

Howe does he do it? Howe many different musical styles are there on here? Howe many of these bad jokes can I make? The ex-Yes man has returned with an album as diverse as Santa's shopping list.
From the massively pompous 'The Grand Scheme Of Things', we head for all-out rockers like 'At The Gates Of The New World' alongside more acoustic tracks such as 'Valley Of Rocks'. Sometimes Steve just lets his guitar sing and, at other times, he lets ex-Tomorrow compadre Keith West step in and take the mike. The rest of the band come from Steve's own loins, in the form of Dylan and Virgil Howe, taking the drum stool and keyboard riser respectively. This man is such a good musician, he actually breeds the things!
As you would expect from the guy, it all has a Progressive feel, no matter which style he happens to be concentrating on. The sad thing is that, although it's a superb album, showing that Steve Howe is just getting better and better, leaving a lot of his contemporaries standing, all you lot will be too busy looking for the new Pearl Jam and Nirvana albums to give it a second look. Shame that.
Tony Dillon ☢☢☢☢

DREAM THEATER

'Live At The Marquee' (East West)

Tracks: Metropolis, A Fortune In Lies, Bombay Vindaloo, Surrounded, Another Hand/The Killing Hand, Pull Me Under.

Although still classed as a new band, Dream Theater are hailed as having one of the best live sets around. If this small live offering, also available on video, is anything to go by, then that reputation is well deserved. Six tracks might seem a little short but, when you take in the fact that most of them reach over six minutes, and that 'Metropolis' and 'Another Hand' both clock in at over ten, you aren't getting bad value for money.
As a mini-album, it's excellent, containing both the moving ballad 'Surrounded' and the obvious hit 'Pull Me Under'. My real problem with it is the production. First of all, the crowd sounds like they packed double the Marquee capacity of twelve hundred. Also, it's a little too difficult to believe that they sounded quite this good. Not that I'm actually going to sit here and start crying 'overdubs!' or 'backing tapes!', but some of it does sound a little too clinical. Dream Theater, I'm told, sound a lot rawer than this live so, as a live album, it does little justice. Cool songs, though.
Tony Dillon ☢☢☢☢

TERMINAL POWER COMPANY

'Red Skin Eclipse' (Beggars Banquet)

Tracks: Juggernaut, Red Skin, Splinterpsyche, The Sprawl, Painkiller, Mouth Like A Scar, AGGRO, White Light, Blanket Drill Doll.
Producers: Terminal Power Company & Justin Broadrick

Having missed Terminal Power Company's previous releases, I wasn't sure what to expect from this English band. 'Red Skin Eclipse' is pleasantly surprising and entertaining with its strong synth base and Techno/Dance-enlightened guitar workouts.
The press release goes out of its way to distance Terminal Power Company from an Industrial tag. Labelling is something everyone tries to avoid but, for once, this disassociation is reasonably apt, as TPC have none of the harshness of the Skinny Puppys and Frontline Assemblys of this world. Here, the smooth-running song orientation is much more along the lines of Nine Inch Nails.
The band have involved a diverse collection of talents in the production of this album, with Godflesh's Justin Broadrick co-producing and On-U-Sounds' Adrian Sherwood at the mixing desk.
The result is interesting but, unfortunately, it has a tendency towards blandness in places but, on the whole, it's a palatable work.
Richard J Savage ☢☢☢

ATHEIST

'Elements' (Music For Nations)

Tracks: Green, Water, Samba Briza, Air, Displacement, Animal, Mineral, Fire, Fractal Point, Earth, See You Again, Elements.
Producers: Atheist & Mark Pinske

Atheist have undergone a myriad of shuffles and re-shuffles since their last album, 'Unquestionable Presence', was released in 1991. It would take too long to explain, but be reassured that Kelly Schaeffer is still safely at the helm on guitar and vocal duties.
'Elements' was written and recorded in under two months and, unfortunately, it shows. This album is a confusing and unsatisfying affair, lasting for about thirty-five minutes. The whole thing is dogged by a weak production which pushes the guitars right back and leaves the rhythm section floundering at the front and, sadly, bass and drums aren't really of the calibre you want to have out front.
Drummer Josh Greenbaum has the rather dubious credentials of having played in actor River Phoenix's band, and the bass talents, or arty fret wanking, depending on which way you want to look at it, are those of ex-Pestilence/Cynic, and now general gun-for-hire Tony Choy. In fact, it's his four-string excursions which dominate most of the album.

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'Elements' is not a complete no-hoper - it's just a little too clever and complex for its own good, with only the odd track like 'Mineral' throwing up some interesting sounds.
Richard J Savage ☢☢

DOOM
'The Greatest Invention' (Vinyl Japan UK Ltd)

Tracks: Happy Pill, Dig Your Grave, Trash Breeds Trash, Drop Out, Worthless Nothing, No Justice, Silent Scream, My Pornography, Same Mind.
Producer: Simon Welch

The few seconds of Techno bleeps that herald the start of 'The Greatest Invention' made me think I had the wrong CD in the player, but then the band launched in with an assault of deafening Grindcore.
What you have here is a nine-track, thirty-minute album very much in the style of Discharge. 'Dig Your Grave', in particular, echoes the Discharge boys' 'Decontrol'. Drummer Stick is an ex-member of Extreme Noise Terror - that's another similarity along with Napalm Death. Yet, 'The Greatest Invention' provides something more, as, fortunately, there's a touch of melody and even the odd chorus or two. Sadly, the whole thing sounds a bit dated but, in spite of this, I found it all rather entertaining in a retrogressive and nostalgic way. There are the odd pieces which make it sound contemporary, some songs have an Industrial feel, and then there's the very strange 'My Pornography' with its bizarre and strangely Dub Reggae sound - yes seriously. A strange album indeed.
Richard J Savage ☢☢☢

NECROPHOBIC
'The Nocturnal Silence' (Black Mark)

Tracks: Awakening..., Before The Dawn, Unholy Prophecies, The Nocturnal Silence, Shadows Of The Moon, The Ancient Gate, Sacrificial Rites, Father Of Creation, Where Sinners Burn.
Producer: Tomas Skogsberg

Another sterling Death Metal release from those nice people at Black Mark, generic as hell but pretty good none the less. It's taken four years from Necrophobic's inception for them to get an album out.
'The Nocturnal Silence' starts in the traditional way with a slow, mellow, pseudo-Classical intro, before the guitars storm in exactly like you'd expect them to.
There's quite a bit of melody in the playing, especially on 'Unholy Prophecies' and 'The Nocturnal Silence' with its vaguely Gothic intro. It's unfortunate that the bass is non-existent and the drums are just a dull thudding. A strengthening of the rhythm section would have greatly enhanced the smart guitar sound, but never mind.
There's not much more to be said. This style of music becomes numbing after a while with a complete lack of originality from most bands, but you can see Necrophobic's point. After waiting four years, they are not going to hesitate just because some people find this style of music hackneyed.
Richard J Savage ☢☢☢

INNERSTATE
'Protest To The Signs' (Roadrunner)

Tracks: Organism, Birthrights, Dead White European Males, Dark Days, There's More To Life Than Bitches And Money, Sing, Guns, Giro, Delve Deep, Don't Preach (I Don't Want That).
Producer: Pat Grogan

This is the third time I've tried to listen to Innerstate's debut album, and it's the only time I've done it without wandering off. It's not that 'Protest To The Signs' is unlistenable, far from it, it's just... it's not very interesting.
The press release makes a big deal out of the diversity of this British four-piece's sound. Unfortunately, for the most part, this diversity does not rear its head. Most of 'Protest To The Signs' is little more than competent Thrash/Brit HM with some clever samples bolted on.
Admittedly, 'Giro' has an almost Reggae groove to it. But this is far and away the best track on an otherwise uninspiring album. Full marks, however, for some fine lyrical content. Politically correct to the last, even if some lyrics are a little hamfisted.
Gavin McNamara ☢☢

MORTIFICATION
'Post Momentary Affliction' (Nuclear Blast)

Tracks: Allusions From The Valley Of Darkness, From The Valley Of Shadows, Human Condition, Distarnish Priest, Black Lion Of The Mind, Grind Planetarium, Pride Sanitarium (Reprise), Overseer, This Momentary Affliction, Flight Of Victory, Impulsation, Liquid Assets, Vital Fluids, The Sea Of Forgetfulness.
Producer: Doug Saunders

Just when you thought Death Metal was the sole province of Satan, Melbourne's Mortification are storming in on the side of the other guy.
Mortification started out way back in 1986 in a traditional Christian Metal band called Lightforce, before changing their name and their style. They've obviously paid careful attention to the other contenders, as they're fairly competent at this style. In fact, the music is pretty indistinguishable from any American or European bands of a similar ilk. It's just that there's something bizarre about them. Well, there's something bizarre about someone singing 'Into the light of Christ, I follow the calling of Righteousness' in a voice that sounds like he's trying to regurgitate a half-digested hamster. Evil sounding they may be, but that's as far as it goes. You won't find an evil lyric here, no swear words either, but what you will find is scripture references at the end of each track just in case you want to do some background reading.
If you're bored of the hackneyed gorefest lyrics which embellish Death Metal these days, you might find 'Post Momentary Affliction' a pleasant change.
Richard J Savage ☢☢☢

HEATMISER
'Dead Air' (Frontier)

Tracks: Still, Candyland, Mock-Up, Dirt, Bottle Racket, Blackout, Stray, Can't Be Touched, Cannibal, Don't Look Down, Sands Hotel, Lowlife, Buick, Dead Air.
Producer: Thee Slayer Hippy

They claim to be the best band in Portland and we all bow down to this massive career-boosting fact. Heatmiser, apart from having a fairly dumb name, fuck around with chugging distorted guitar Rock that is not gumboid enough to be Metal or inventive enough to fit onto the fast departing Grunge bandwagon. Having said that, their Rock has a cool gritty edge and a neat line in doominess and fuzzy guitar chunder, but it never breaks out of the stifling straight jacket... Ultimately, though, Heatmiser's Rock is so dull that it makes you wonder how anyone can take something as incendiary and dangerous as full-throttle flaming electric guitar and end up with something so, well, you know, *tame*. Where is that little quirk of madness, that strange twist, that sick turn of phrase, that deranged, egotistical stomp, that petulant glint of childishness that makes all the great Rock records? Heatmiser sound way too sensible, they sound like they're clean-cut college boys. Take some drugs, become alcohol fiends - God, do something pathetic and then come back with your next record. The fuzzy guitar chugs were nice though.
John Robb ☢☢☢

WALT MINK
'Bareback Rider' (Quigley)

Tracks: Subway, Shine, Zero Day, Disappear, Sunnymede, Frail, Turn, Fragile, What A Day, Tree In Orange.
Producer: Walt Mink & Brian Foxworthy

Walt Mink are a three-piece from Minneapolis and 'Bareback Rider' their

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second LP. Last year's 'Miss Happiness' was well received, and a year of constant touring, most recently with Mudhoney in the UK, has honed them into a powerful, sleek outfit.
'Bareback Rider' is packed with punky adrenalin rushes. Ten tracks of pure Garage mayhem. 'Zero Day' and 'Disappear' are snooty and melodic, a carefree grasp of Pop's simplicity coupled with choppy guitars and unfussy rhythms. 'Sunnydale' is light and breezy, summer picked, screwed-up and thrown into an Indian-flavoured tune. 'Frail' is somehow reminiscent of English Indie poppers, The Senseless Things, and the whole album is blessed with a sense of happiness. If only more albums could be made this way.
To try to call this a Metal, Pop or Indie album would belittle it. Sure, there are some elements of all three, but it is the simple mix that makes 'Bareback Ride' such a joy to listen to.
Gavin McNamara ☢☢☢☢

GIRLS AGAINST BOYS
'Venus Luxure No 1 Baby' (Touch & Go)

Tracks: In Like Flynn, Go Be Delighted, Rockets Are Red, Satin Down, Let Me Come Back, Learned It, Get Down, Bullet Proof Cupid, Seven Seas, Billy's One Stop, Bug House.

Ooh, it's another one of those bands with a suggestive name. I was expecting one of those Riot Grrl bands, and was all prepared to get on my 'Men's Movement' pedestal and rant, but, unfortunately, this band is comprised solely of males.
Girls Against Boys have got it. They've got that groove, that thing that makes the album worth more than many a listen.
'Let Me Come Back' has a totally addictive, excruciatingly heavy, stabbing riff that does wonders for your dandruff, whilst 'Bullet Proof Cupid' manages to translate a very mellow riff into guitar mayhem.
There's a lot of stuff on here that reminds me of other bands but, for the life of me, I can't think who, and it's still a cracker of an album.
By the time you arrive at the end of the record, the groove is still pumping away and, with a few shit-hot live appearances on these shores, Girls Against Boys could find themselves in that special category reserved for only the cream of the crop.
I'm still bloody curious as to why they're called Girls Against Boys though.
Neil Aldis ☢☢☢☢☢

THE MUFFS
'The Muffs' (Warner Brothers)

Tracks: Lucky Guy, Saying Goodbye, Everywhere I Go, Better Than Me, From Your Girl, Not Like Me, Baby Go Round, North Pole, Big Mouth, Every Single Thing, Don't Waste Another Day, Stupid Jerk, Another Day, Eye To Eye, I Need You, All For Nothing.
Producers: Rob Cavallo, David Katznelson & The Muffs

Pop songs. Hey, remember those? Three-minute infectious choruses dancing into your life, spinning you round, making you smile, then bouncing away again to be forgotten until next time. Yeah, The Muffs know what I'm talking about.
In their two years together, this LA band have come up with sixteen infectious, joyous and downright groovy Punk/Pop tunes. 'The Muffs' is packed to bursting with couldn't-care-less, throwaway Power-Pop-Punk stuff. Like Courtney Love finding a big sense of fun and running off to front The Ramones or something.
Hmmm... The Ramones, now there's an obvious reference point. Y'see, 'The Muffs' could have been recorded in 1978, it bristles with American New Wave energy, simple three-chord thrash-a-longs sun, surf and boyfriends.
So it's all been done before, but that doesn't make 'From Your Girl' or 'Baby Go Round' anything less than brilliant. This is summer music, a 'feel good' album, and one with songs you'll be humming all day.
Gavin McNamara ☢☢☢☢

FRONT 242
'05:22:09:12 OFF' (Red Rhino)

Tracks: Animal - Cage, Animal - Gate, Animal - Guide, Modern Angel, Junkdrome, Serial Killers Don't Kill Their Girlfriends, Skin - Fur Coat, Genocide, Crushed, OffEND, Animal - Zoo, Serial Killers Don't Kill Their Boyfriends, Happiness - More Angels, Crushed - Obscene, Melt - Again, Speed Angel.
Producers: Front 242

If any of you were here right now, you'd be wondering what on earth we're doing reviewing this. And I'd tell you. '... OFF' is Front 242's follow-up to the guitar-heavy '... Up Evil', both being recorded at the same time. However, and this is the big crunch, *this* is a load of bollocks.
Described as being 'The Orb on steroids', '... OFF' wades into serious electronic wank. Let's face it, how many of you have actually heard any Orb stuff? See, not a lot.
OK, OK, I know some of you like this kind of stuff but, sitting around at home, stone cold sober, I find myself nowhere near being in the mood to be anything but nasty about this.
Yes, there are tracks like 'Junkdrome' that are actually pretty phenomenal with regards to 'Electric Body Music' but, in the cold light of day, we all know that 'Electric Body Music' most certainly doesn't stand for 'HEAVY FUCKING METAL!', and I, for one, couldn't stand Front 242 for more than twenty minutes. Am I narrow-minded, or is this just a load of old cock? ☢
Neil Aldis

SURVIVOR
'Greatest Hits' (Polydor)

Tracks: Eye Of The Tiger, You Know Who You Are, Burning Heart, The Search Is Over, High On You, Is This Love?, I Can't Hold Back, Hungry Years, American Heartbeat, Poor Man's Son, The Moment Of Truth, Somewhere In America.

There are twelve tracks on this so-called 'Greatest Hits' album, so they're lying to you again, kids.
Personally, I didn't know that Survivor actually had more than one hit. Even listening to this, without the benefit of someone actually pointing out which tracks the 'Other Hits' were, I still can't quite figure it out. Could one of them be the unpleasantly eye-watering ballad, 'Is This Love'? Or perhaps the implausibly sentimental and deeply unarousing 'American Heartbeat'? Or, no, I know, how about the movingly, er, unmoving 'You Who You Are'?
Ah, well... fuck it.
Let's face it, who in their right saddle would own up to knowing which 'Other Hits' this band of Heavy Metal extras actually had at the end of a very long day?
Not this bad man, that's for sure. As for 'Eye Of The Tiger', that was shite, too, wasn't it?
Mick Wall ☢

CYNIC
'Focus' (Roadrunner)

Tracks: Veil Of Maya, Celestial Voyage, The Eagle Nature, Sentiment, I'm But A Wave To, Uroboric Forms, Textures, How Could I?
Producers: Cynic & Scott Burns

For those of you who pride yourselves on your knowledge of the world of Death Metal, this one's from those lovable chaps Paul Masvidal, Sean Reinhert and Jason Gobel, the first two having spent time in Death, the latter in Monstrosity.
Funny how Death Metal is being left behind by Death metallers these days, and this, 'Focus', is no exception.
The demo version of 'Uroboric Forms' on the 'At Death's Door II' compilation really didn't tell you what this band were all about, and, basically, could well have fucked things up for them.
'Focus' switches from Death Metal to Hardcore to Heavy Metal, and combines elements of Rock and many other styles in the solos guitarless bits.
'Celestial Voyage' highlights this fact very well, the guitars ripping their way throughout, riding on a Death Metal wave with a distinctly tuneful surf-board, and Paul Masvidal's vocals congeal grunts with Hardcore attitude, occasionally switching to something much more audible. The sound is extremely crisp and, no doubt, live, this will be somewhat much more chaotic.
Neil Aldis ☢☢☢☢

GREG GINN
'Getting Even' (Cruz)

Tracks: I've Changed, Kill Burn Fluff, You Drive Me Crazy, Pig MF, Hard Thing, Pay Day, Nightmares, Torn, PF Flyer, I Can't Wait, Short Fuse, Not That Simple, Yes Officer, Crawling Inside.

Greg Ginn. Why does that sound like some seriously dodgy guitar wank record? Because it is? No. Greg is, in fact, the guitarist for infamous US Hardcore punks Black Flag.
Yes, that's right, the same Black Flag which a Mr Henry Rollins used to reside in. Naturally, you'd expect this to really kick up a storm so, when the opening guitar line on 'I've Changed' kicks in like something you'd find on a sad old Rock album, it's very hard to get excited. Yes, you have changed, but, unfortunately, it's for the worst.
To be honest, what ruins this album is the guitars. Greg's vocals are excellent, coming in on the same bus that King Missile arrived on, and the bass is just as smart. The best track on offer, 'Yes Officer', oozes Punk Rock, three-chord frenzy, but, apart from that, this will be a huge disappointment for all Black Flag fans, and a shock to those curious enough to purchase it.
Slapped wrists, Greg, now go back and do it again, and this time, remember, Rock music is a pile of old bollocks, we want Hardcore Noise!
Neil Aldis ☢☢

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JESUS LOVES YOU!

Brought to your attention for the first time through the infamous Nirvana/ JESUS LIZARD split single, Chicago's finest return in their own right with a new single and an appearance at the Reading Festival. JAMES SHERRY talks to guitarist DUANE DENNISON as the band prepare to launch themselves into the *Alternative* abyss.

Jesus Lizard are an elusive, unpredictable bunch. I'd originally arranged to speak to their psychotic frontman, David Yow and, after a series of constantly changing phone numbers and a brief disappearance into the bowels of New York, he finally looked set to melt my phone with his unique psycho-babble. Not the case.

Fresh from playing as support to Nirvana's first show in six months at the New York Music Seminar (a yearly event where wannabe Rock stars sell their souls and music to a wide selection of industry-based potential buyers), Jesus Lizard promptly headed back to Chicago, except David. Guitarist Duane Dennison, however, is back at home and willing to talk. So, through a recently passed-on stomach bug, I manage to stop myself from being sick for the eighth time that day and dial the number of the beast, or rather the lizard. So Duane, found David yet?

"We got our signals slightly crossed there," he laughs as I desperately attempt to hold back today's tenth projectile vomit. "I thought he understood that I was going back the next day, so he missed his ride!"

"The gig was great though," continues Duane. "It was such a wonderful venue too! It's called The Roseland and it's an old ballroom where people go to dance. I think you can see it in the movie 'They Shoot Horses Don't They?'."

I have never seen the movie, but I take his word for it! Still, although the gig was undoubtedly a stormer, wasn't the New York Seminar a little, er, 'corporate' for the Lizard's left-field taste?!

"It's kinda gross that way! I was only there for one evening, but what made it bad was all these bands desperately trying to get noticed, and everybody's stepping on each other trying to get the good slot! I swore to myself that I'd never have anything to do with anything like that again. It's gross."

Urgghh, don't set me off again. Every time I think about some of the horrendous things that the extreme success of Nirvana has created, I come out in a cold sweat, and I might just start to be sick again. Alternative lawyer, I can make things happen for you guys!'. We were just like, 'are we being sued, what do you want?'."

Spinal Tap time, yeah?!

"Yeah, it was totally like that!"

Jesus Lizard know how to achieve success on their own terms and without the help of people more interested in product as opposed to music.

"We play a lot of live shows and I think that goes a lot further towards getting people interested in your band because, when you make an impression upon other bands, musicians and clubs, they *talk*, and that's the kinda publicity that you can't buy."

It's been proved over and over again that word-of-mouth works best. How else do bands manage to sneak up behind the mainstream, tap 'em on the shoulder then poke 'em in the eye?! Jesus Lizard's appearance at the Reading Festival this August Bank Holiday should help spread a few more words to mouths. Duane, however, is more concerned about playing outside within our unpredictable, irrational climate!

"This whole ozone layer business is a hoax!"

"What about global warming?"

What about it?

"Well you know, it could be dangerous, but guess what I just heard?"

Err...

"This whole ozone layer business is a hoax. Apparently it's not half as bad a problem as people have led everyone to believe."

Wouldn't that be nice?! It's all right, panic over! Oh, and by the way, AIDS doesn't exist either. They've found a cure for cancer and Jesus Lizard aren't really Alternative because their next single 'Lash' (on Touch & Go) is totally radio-friendly and features nothing but Pop/Dance tracks.

Yeah, right.

Rock, pah!

"It's gotten to the point where I went into a guitar shop, and some kids were trying out guitars and the shop owner leant over the counter and enquired, 'are you guys Metal or Alternative?' It's got way outta hand..."

Yuk!

"The funniest one yet was when we played at CBGB's in New York two months ago. We'd just finished the set, sitting backstage getting our breath back, when this little guy comes walking in and says 'hi, I'm Jim Grabel, does that ring a bell? I'm an entertainment

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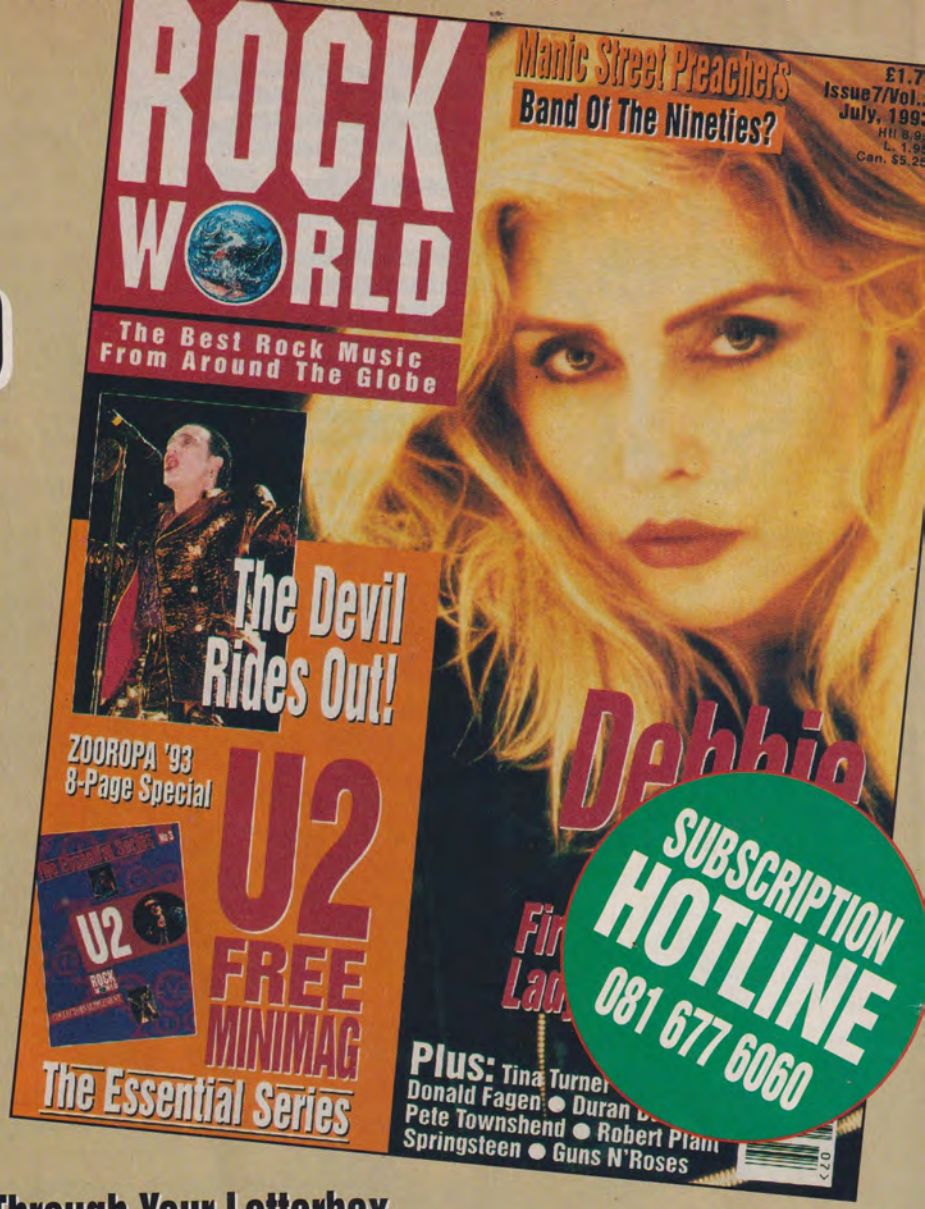

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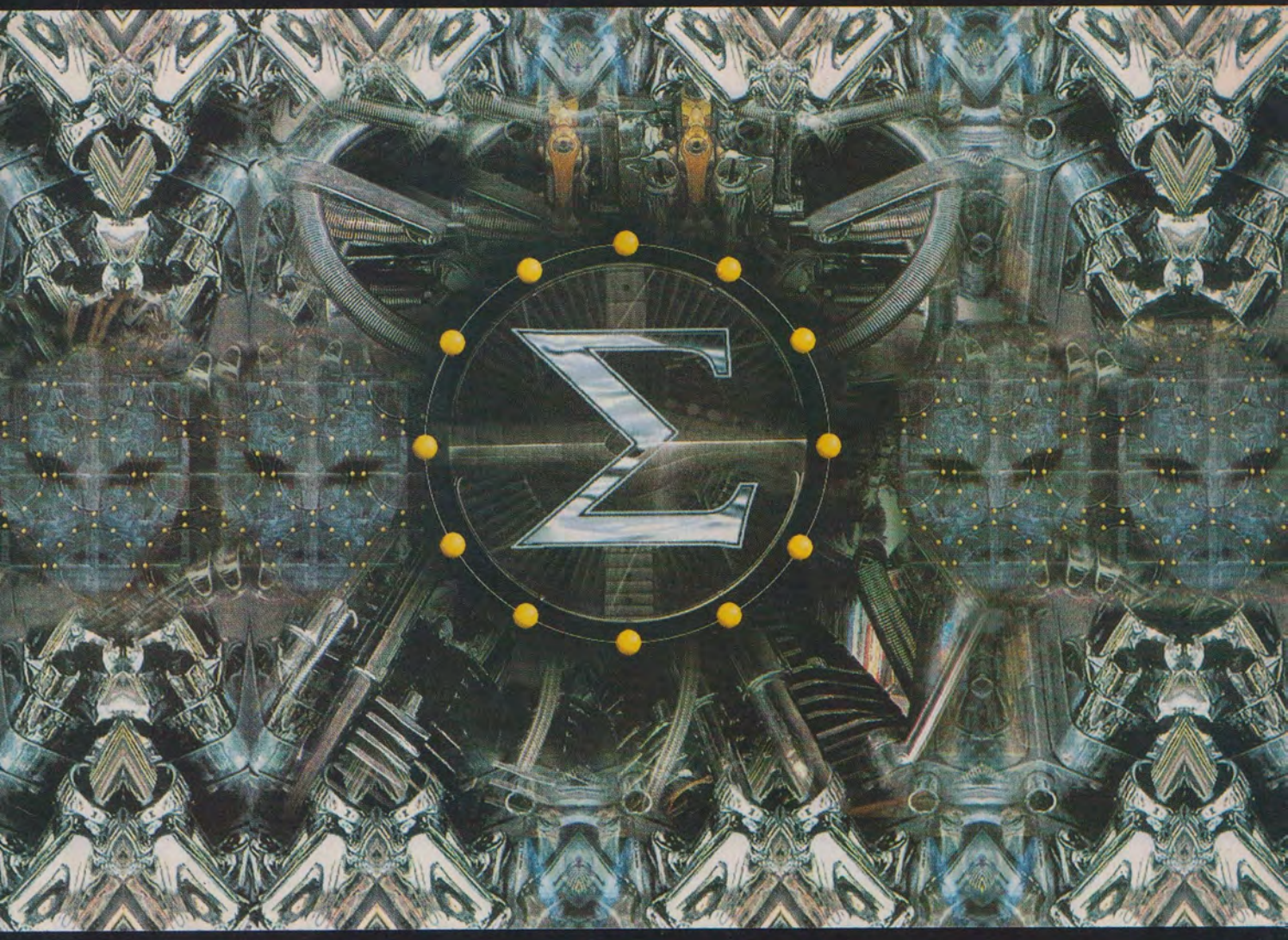

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What sort of band sells four million copies of their debut album in their home town? A band like the BABY ANIMALS, that's what. TONY DILLON talks to chanteuse SUZE DEMARCHI and guitarist DAVE LESLIE about their new opus, 'Shaved And Dangerous', and finds himself in the middle of a comical farce...

After the runaway success of their eponymous debut album, I have to admit that I was expecting the Baby Animals to be as stuck up as they come. But, of course, I hadn't reckoned on that infamous Aussie 'down to earth' charm that always seems to come crawling through the woodwork. Even so, the slightly ominous fact remains that they've become down-under superstars in about a week. How do they feel?

"We're still a small band, we've just enjoyed some sales at home, that's all," replies guitarist Dave Leslie, modestly stroking his goatee. OK, but how did you feel when you went platinum?

"Oh, it was killer! It was unexpected...," begins Dave again, before the delectable Suze DeMarchi butts in with "... It was a bonus."

"Yeah, it is a bonus, that sort of 'reward'," continues Dave. "It's a reinforcement, because we've always liked what we do, and the fact that it proves to be popular, that other people like it too, reinforces that."

But what about going platinum *four* times? Dave rocks back in his chair.

"Well, that's just ludicrous. It proves what bad taste people have!"

At this point in the evening, things start to get a little silly. It's been a long day for all involved, and Suze and Dave are showing signs of fatigue. Or at least that's what I think is happening. Maybe they start acting like schoolkids at any given moment as a general rule, but the conversation that follows, concerning anal suppositories and how they clear up piles, is just not suitable

BABES IN BOYLAND

for print.
Trying desperately to pull things back into some kind of professional order which, in cases like this, is like trying to pin a fart to a fridge, I start questioning them along the lines of the pressures now put on the band. Dave mulls over the question.
"As far as the writing of this album and stuff is concerned? Just internal pressures, you know?"
"You're under a lot of pressure to make a great record," Suze adds. Dave nods in agreement.
"Yeah, or make a better one than last time, in our eyes. Also a maturer one. We've toured for two years on that album. We've learned a lot and become much closer, having lived for months and months on the bus."
He sighs, and both parties move their chairs apart to emphasis the closeness and family rapport. Dave continues.
"We just wanted to make the best one we could under the circumstances."

Containing my jealousy for the moment, I go back to the subject of success. Knowing that their public liked the prior material from the band, weren't they worried about straying from their familiar sound? Suze shakes her head.
"No, there was no worrying at all. We didn't want to make the same record anyway. We wanted to stray from it. We couldn't do the same album again - none of us are that good songwriters that we could sit down and write formulas. Some people are great at that."
Dave throws in his two penn'orth.
"That's probably the reason why there is such varied stuff on the new album. If the song sounds better acoustic than it does with fifty Marshalls cranked up, then that's the way it stays. It just manifests itself like that. "We experimented with a couple of parts, you know? Treatments and sounds and stuff but, for a song like 'Because I Can', which Suze and Nuno wrote, it was written on acoustic guitar. We were just playing a bit of pool, and they sat down and wrote it like that. It's just the way our songs start. Other songs like 'Buputa' are just the band in the room, and everyone's turned right up. But it wasn't a conscious thing."
Suze steps in with the obvious line "It was unconscious!"
So the truth is out. Nuno Bat-And-Ball was involved with 'Shaved And Dangerous'.
How did that happen? I ask Dave.
"Nuno and I have got something going. Those big, red, full lips of his. His mouth's not bad either! No, he just rang up the office one day, and Suze happened to be there, and he just said..."
Suze jumps in again. "...'like the album, love the band'..."
"He wondered if there was any opportunity of work.."

"Nuno and I have got something going. Those big, red, full lips of his. His mouth's not bad either!"
DAVE LESLIE

Suze interrupts *yet again* - is this some kind of competition?
"'How about a kiss? Now stick a bit of tongue in it.'" Oo-er. Somewhat flustered, I hastily turn back to Dave.
"As it was, we'd finished the project with Ed Stasium, who produced the majority of the material, and we were in LA and Nuno was in LA, and we both had the opportunity of getting together and doing some stuff. I'd written some extra material after the album was finished. We were on a roll, did some writing, I thought 'cool!'. We got down three tracks in a week! We were great. We were better than great. We were fantastic. We were fast, we just recorded everything. Everything at once, and everything louder than everything else."

Things start falling apart again. We rejoin the conversation five minutes later. By now, we've turned to the subject of their cover version of the Free track, 'Be My Friend'. I mention that Paul Rodgers has developed an abscess. Dave makes a joke.
"Abscess makes the fart go Honda!" Hargh hargh. I try once more, only to be rewarded with another mighty quip.
"That wasn't free, it cost a bloody fortune! No, we just liked the song. Suze has always like the song, so she suggested it."
"I had to tie their hands behind their backs," she adds.
"You had to tie our hounds behind outbacks?!" This is getting too much!
"No, I had to tie their hands behind their backs so they couldn't play it. That's why it sounds the way it does! I had to twist their arms."
"But we really liked the song, you know?" Dave finally returns the conversation to a semblance of normality. "It's good that this band can lend itself to lots of different musical bits. We just sunk our teeth into it, and it went from there. It seemed like a good idea. It's not 'Wishing Well' or 'All Right Now', which, admittedly, are killer songs, but we just like the band, they're the same format as us. It seemed like a good idea at the time!"

Baby Animals are full of good ideas, but even the silly ideas get some attention too. 'Stupid Place For Hair' has to be *the* most ridiculous title for a tour - but it's exactly the kind of antipodean nonsense you should expect from this seriously talented band.
I walked out of the interview in tears, vowing never to go to Australia, lest I bust a gut laughing...

AX

METAL MEDIA IS BACK AND SUPPLYING THE VISUALS TO GO WITH THE ZANIEST SOUNDS IN METAL! IN THIS MONTH'S ISSUE WE SAVOUR THE SLAUGHTER THAT IS THE AWESOME "BRAINDEAD" AND DODGE THE 'PHONE FLAK FROM AMERICA'S FAVE CRANK CALLERS, THE JERKY BOYS!

Hold onto your stomachs! Sick buckets at the ready! As good taste-ometers all over the land go spinning into the red, here comes 'Braindead', positively the sickest horror flick EVER!

And that's saying something when you consider the kind of stiff competition that weirdo classics like 'The Texas Chainsaw Massacre' and 'Last House On The Left' can routinely offer the apprentice shocker. It's a zombie movie, a terror flick and, most bizarrely of all, a tender (ahem) love story. As the jacket blurb understanding-

"That's your mum, that is!"

"Oh. Shit!"

"Yeah, I know, I hate t

E ATTACK!!!

ly puts it, 'Braindead: An everyday story of a boy, a girl and their power-tools'. Indeed.

It's the kind of film where you don't know whether to barf or laugh. Either way it'll have you averting your eyes more than a few times as it splatters its way through a hundred blood soaked minutes of ridiculously over the top carnage. What saves the film from being little more than a gratuitous blood fest though is... erm, *nothing*, actually, because, bar a few feeble attempts at sub-plot early on in its opening reels, 'Braindead' careers along like a headless cadaver with a machete in one hand and a bottle of Jack in the other!

There's everything a gore hound could wish for: matricide, homicide, mass murder, necrophilia, cannibalism, black magic, vomit, blood, puss, brains and lots and lots of dismembered limbs. Sometimes the screen resembles a slaughterhouse on a Friday or an explosion in a body-bank! More meat than Buxtons.

What is for sure is that they'll never be a sicker, grosser, *funnier* horror film!

Story? Forget it, plots are for wimps aren't they? In fact it's only when 'Braindead' gives up the pretence of actually having a plot somewhere in the early second half that things step into an altogether higher and sicker gear! The last forty minutes must rank as the most gory ever on celluloid with the hero engaging in close quarters combat with a house full of living dead party guests with nothing less than a trusty lawnmower for protection. Talk about Lawnmower Deth! This is Qualcast mutilation of the highest order! Laugh? I nearly lost my lunch!

And if that little night-night vignette begs a printed explanation then the scene where a dead priest and a headless zombie-fied nurse grunt and grind defies rational, and believable description! You really do *have* to see for yourself...

This is the third picture from director Peter Jackson, a New Zealander who's spent the latter few years carving out a reputation for himself as the sickest head case on the cinematic block with his two, also un-missable previous films, 'Bad Taste' and 'Meet The Feebles'. 'Braindead' though, makes its twisted predecessors look like kiddy TV, at Christmas.

One part 'Evil Dead', one part Monty Python's 'Holy Grail', 'Braindead' is easily the most fun you can have on an empty stomach! And if your appetite has been subdued to the point where you think you could actually stomach *watching* this film then, in conjunction with Polygram Video and Rebecca at BCA, we have two-score copies of this meister-work to give away to the first ten sickos who can tell us what links Peter Jackson's 'Meet The Feebles' with 'The Muppet Show'.

Answers on a postcard to: Braindead, Metal Hammer, 134b King Street, Hammersmith, London W6 ORQ.

when that happens."

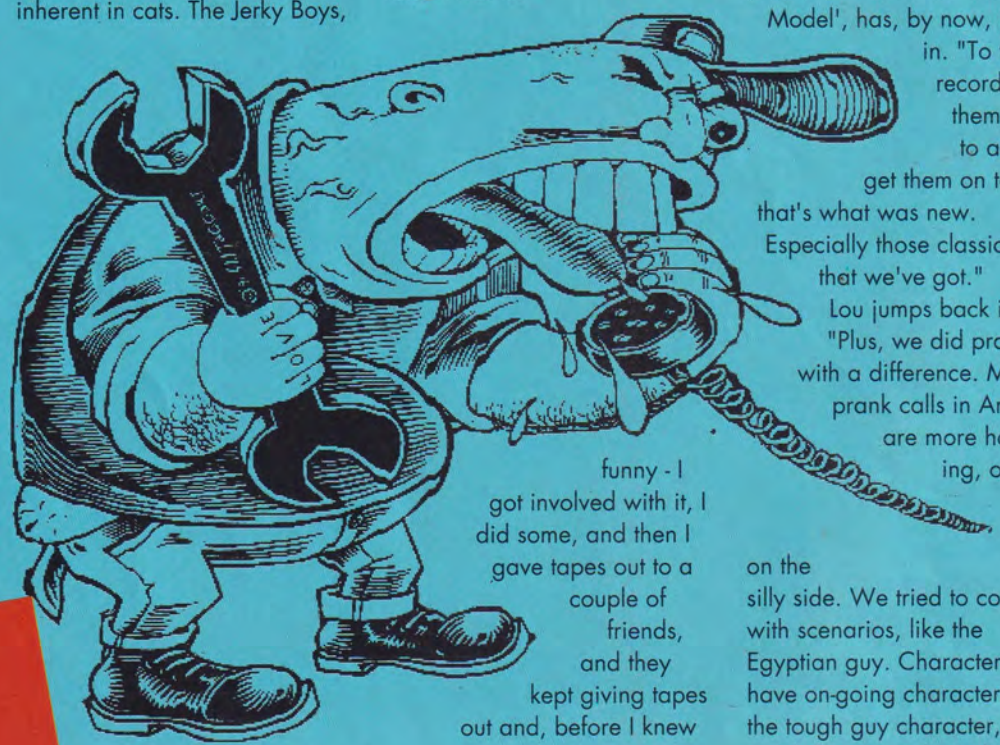
"Shouldn't've had that curry"

JERK

They've been a cult phenomenon in the US for years! They're making a movie and a cartoon series! They've played tricks on just about everyone! They are The Jerky Boys, New York's answer to Jeremy Beadle, and they've got a record deal. TONY DILLON gets a phone call from JOHNNY B and LOU GITANO, and wonders if it's for real. Do not believe everything you hear...

The phone rings twenty minutes early. The Jerky Boys are on the other end. "Hi, is Tony Dillon there? Hi, it's the Jerky Boys. Did we catch you playing with yourself? Were you masturbating? What's this article for? Metal Hammer? We used to be into Rock music and Heavy Metal, but now I think we're more into sticking Heavy Metal hammers up our arse."

We've all done it at some point or another. Your parents are out, you're bored, you've had a couple of drinks and it's time to man the phone. Prank phone calls have been around for as long as the telephone. Even I've done a few, including pretending to be Tommy Vance and ordering a taxi, or questioning a paranormal expert on the psychic abilities inherent in cats. The Jerky Boys, though, make a living out of it.



Receptionist: Medical Office
Jerky Boy: Hello?
Rec: Yes?
JB: Can I get laser treatment?
Rec: I'm sorry?
JB: Laser treatment?
Rec: Yes.
JB: Right. I've got haemorrhoids?
Rec: Bad...
JB: Yes?
Rec: My ass is killing me, I need help!
When would you like to come in, sir?
JB (desperate): As soon as possible!
Rec: Can you come in this evening?
JB: These doctors, are they reputable?
Rec: Yes, they are.
JB: Aaargh, this is tearing the ass out of me!
Rec: Sir, can you please use the proper terminology?

"It all started about 1986 or '87, somewhere in that period," explains Lou Gitano from the Big Apple. "Johnny B was home, he was laid off from construction work, and he just wanted to make his brothers laugh, so he did the 'Auto Mechanic', and some of those classic skits. This was totally to make his brothers and me laugh, we weren't thinking about any kind of record deal or anything like that.

"We've always been doing things like this. It's not like one day we just woke up and did this. It was so funny - I got involved with it, I did some, and then I gave tapes out to a couple of friends, and they kept giving tapes out and, before I knew it, a year after me just giving out one tape, it's spread from here right across the world! That's when this whole monster started. I don't know what things are like in England, but making prank phone calls is something that a lot of juveniles do over here."

"The best reaction was when someone went into a mental reaction."
LOU GITANO

On the left is an example of the kind of call that the Jerky Boys make. Simply titled 'Laser Treatment', the story tells of a young boy and his piles, up against the might of a very prim medical receptionist.

"Yeah, but look. That's what everybody does and what everybody's done," Johnny B, otherwise known as 'The Gay Model', has, by now, joined in. "To think of recording them, and to actually get them on tape - that's what was new. Especially those classic calls that we've got."

Lou jumps back in. "Plus, we did pranks with a difference. Most prank calls in America are more harassing, or really on the silly side. We tried to come up with scenarios, like the Egyptian guy. Characters. We have on-going characters, like the tough guy character, the timid character, the Indian character, the old man, and so on.

"When you live in New York - I'm sure New York is like England - you've got everything here. You've got every kind of people, every kind of persuasion. I didn't think that people outside of New York would understand half the stuff. As for England...?!

"English people, over the years, have been known for... well, the humour's a little different. We used to be big Monty Python fans in the seventies as kids. I didn't know if it would go down well over there, I didn't think you would know these

OFF!

characters, being as you're not from New York. But, apparently, humour's universal! We're happy that things are going well."

It's a hell of a way to make a living. Is this really all the guys have been up to for the past six years?

"I personally used to own a couple of franchises throughout America that I lost through gambling debts. I was just playing the bass - I'm a bass player - and Johnny B was in construction. One day, he was - you know the glue you use for hammering nails in? - he sniffed too much of it and fell thirty storeys. He was OK because there was a truck filled with sand that he fell into. So he was laid off from that, and I was just playing the bass, and then we just hit on this. It helps us out with paying the rent!"

At this stage, I would like to point out the

"Hi, it's the Jerky Boys. Did we catch you playing with yourself? Were you masturbating?"

problems incurred with this interview. For a start, both guys keep slipping into character, with Japanese war cries and moans of sexual ecstasy liberally smothering the tape. Plus, there is that horrible feeling of not knowing whether or not they're telling the truth... Such is the trouble with people renowned for winding people up! We turn away from real life, and Lou starts talking about the characters.

"Probably the most popular character is 'Auto Mechanic' and the 'Brett Weir' skit, because the term 'Jerky' came from that character. When the tape was first circulating, it was just called 'The Jerky Tape'. It took off, and people would say 'Jerky' in the street and what-not. I would say 'hey, did you hear that prank phone-call tape?', and people would say 'no'. I'd say 'oh really?' Because there's a tape we do where we use the word 'Jerky'', and people would say 'oh yeah! 'The Jerky Tape'! Yeah, I know it!'.

"So we came up with the name 'Jerky Boys'. Johnny B's mother actually gave us that name. The best reaction was when someone went into a mental reaction. They broke out in hives and all itchy bumps. I guess they were a little nervous with all the silly little phone gags and gimmicks."

In case you've never heard the 'Auto Mechanic', the infamous 'Irate Tile Man' sketch. The victim is simply called 'Vic' for our purposes.

There have been tapes circulating for years. Is much of that old stuff on the album?

"Maybe seven skits. There's a lot of stuff on the original tape, the circulating tape, that we won't use because the humour's a little bit too blue and what-not," says Lou with no shame whatsoever. Johnny continues.

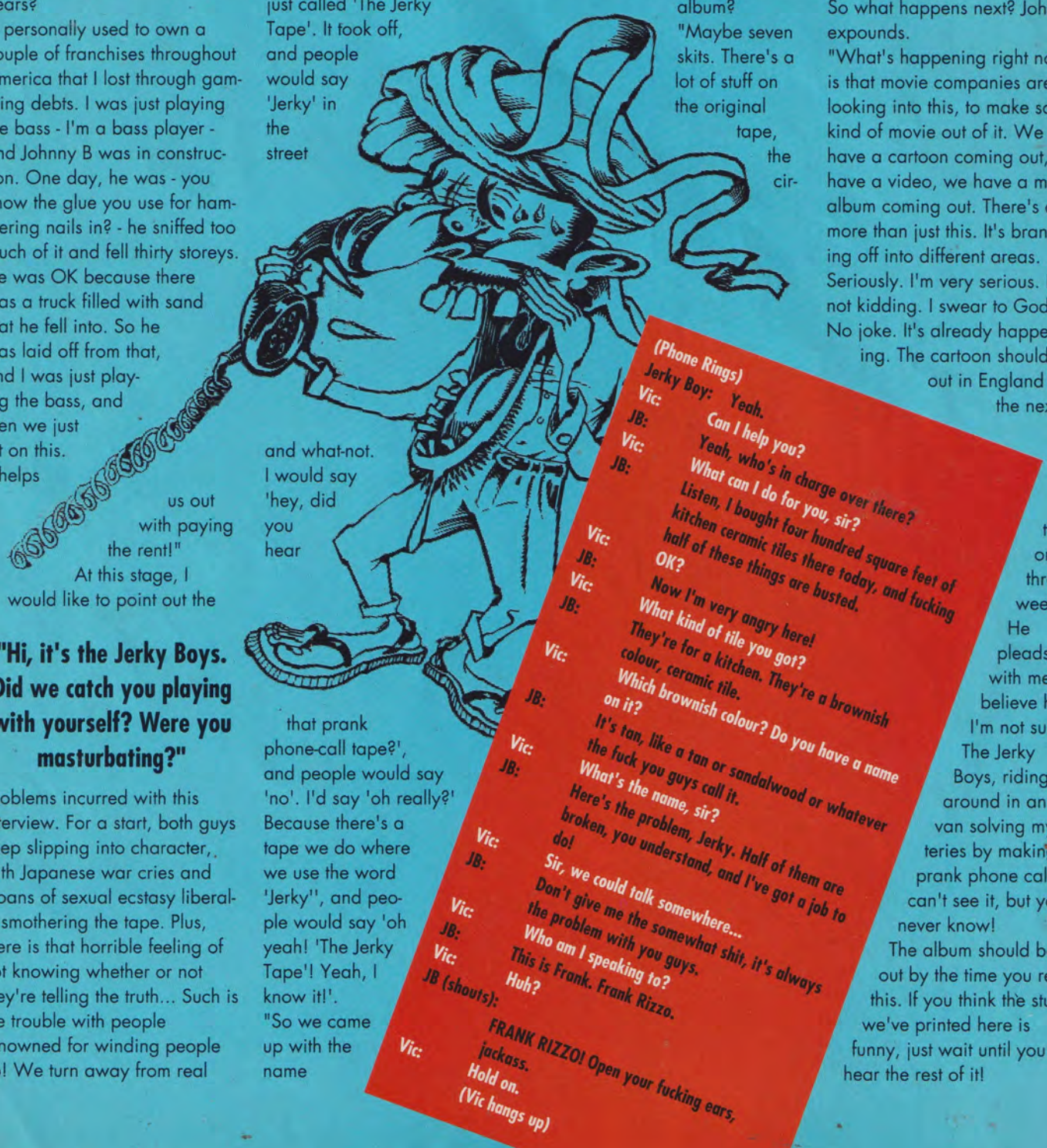
"We used this medium because, when we came out with this album, we went with all new material. Now we can give the fans a chance to get their favourites back, because they had thousandth generation shit, and it wasn't even playing for them. That's why we put a lot of the classics on this album. We could have gone with a totally new album, but that wouldn't be fair."

So what happens next? Johnny expounds.

"What's happening right now is that movie companies are looking into this, to make some kind of movie out of it. We have a cartoon coming out, we have a video, we have a music album coming out. There's a lot more than just this. It's branching off into different areas. Seriously. I'm very serious. I'm not kidding. I swear to God. No joke. It's already happening. The cartoon should be out in England in the next two or three weeks."

He pleads with me to believe him. I'm not sure... The Jerky Boys, riding around in an old van solving mysteries by making prank phone calls? I can't see it, but you never know!

The album should be out by the time you read this. If you think the stuff we've printed here is funny, just wait until you hear the rest of it!


(Phone Rings)
Jerky Boy: Yeah.
Vic: Can I help you?
JB: Yeah, who's in charge over there?
Vic: What can I do for you, sir?
JB: Listen, I bought four hundred square feet of kitchen ceramic tiles there today, and fucking half of these things are busted.
Vic: OK?
JB: Now I'm very angry here!
Vic: What kind of tile you got?
JB: They're for a kitchen. They're a brownish colour, ceramic tile.
Vic: Which brownish colour? Do you have a name on it?
JB: It's tan, like a tan or sandalwood or whatever the fuck you guys call it.
Vic: What's the name, sir?
JB: Here's the problem, Jerky. Half of them are broken, you understand, and I've got a job to do!
Vic: Sir, we could talk somewhere...
JB: Don't give me the somewhat shit, it's always the problem with you guys.
Vic: Who am I speaking to?
JB: This is Frank. Frank Rizzo.
Vic: Huh?
JB (shouts): FRANK RIZZO! Open your fucking ears, jackass.
Vic: Hold on.
(Vic hangs up)

VISIONS OF BLUE

They've already become a bedroom fantasy for young lads all over the world, and now they're ready to start breaking some barriers. PHANTOM BLUE are finally back with a new record and, although she doesn't think it's as heavy as Venom, guitarist MICHELLE MELDRUM still reckons it's pretty damn weighty. TONY DILLON does the necessary from inside a cold shower.

Phantom Blue were the promise that didn't work out. Way back in the late eighties, Roadrunner Records promised us an all-female band that rocked harder and looked better than the then-chart-toppers Vixen. It sounded like a great idea, it has to be said. Well, they did look better, as the number of pull-out posters of the time will dictate, but an over-produced album and a very poppy single in the form of 'Why Call It Love?' meant that the heaviness just didn't happen. I remember my own disappointment viewing their video for the first time, expecting something to blow my socks off. Instead, the only blowing of any description was the sound of my exasperated sighing.

They've been gone for four long years, just long enough for their fourteen year-old male market to grow up and get real girlfriends ones that don't require inflating - and the band are finally sounding heavy, thanks to production wizard Max Norman, fresh from a stint with Megadeth.

"All of our influences were always in a heavier direction," begins Michelle, on one of those long-distance phone calls. "On our first album, the producers had a different vision of us. They saw us as a female Def Leppard, and they wanted to do the full production deal, which we weren't into then, but we didn't really have many choices then.

"We tried to put our foot down, but nobody really seemed to listen. I guess

over the years, we've just got back to the roots of why we started playing and what bands we were into when we started, and it's just made us heavier. Not to mention the frustration - that made us heavier too."

Just how heavy is 'heavier' though? Let's face it. Vixen said they were heavy. Does anyone remember that bit on 'The Decline Of Western Civilisation Part 2', when a certain member of that band said that all they wanted to do was show that girls can rock too?

Looking back to the late eighties, I remember it as a time when anything heavier than Poison was definitely regarded as a 'men only' zone, and women were about as likely to appear at a Slayer gig as a leper at a wine and cheese party. No-one would have imagined James Hetfield as being a Pop pin-up!

"Finally, when (Max Norman) was free, we put him in handcuffs and dragged him into the studio."

"Comparing us to Vixen is like comparing Metallica to the Bee Gees. We're totally different to the way they were, we're different to other girl bands, like L7. We're just being ourselves. You've got to try harder to get people to listen. I think before they even listen to you they have this preconceived impression of what an all-girl band sounds like - kind of girlie sounding. But we're not, and I think once they hear us or see us live, they change their prejudice immediately.

"Some people stick to their preconceived ideas, but that doesn't bother me. We will get heavier. I think we'll always have our songs there. I think we've become better songwriters as well as becoming heavier. It sounds good and it feels good to be heavy, but you've got to have the songs too."

Hmm. Heavy, but with good commercial songs too. I don't know. To me, that sounds a little too much like hedging your bets. After all, Phantom Blue already have a large-ish European following - one that got to like the band for being the commercial bundle they were sold as. As a point of reference, I ask if they could be described as an all-girl Skid Row.

"I don't think so. Do you mean the Skid Row Gary Moore was in, or Skid Row nowadays? Right, the new Skid Row. I definitely don't think so, because I wouldn't say that was heavy. 'Slave To The Grind' is kind of heavy, but I don't want to say anything bad about them. I think we're more on the heavier side, like Metallica or something. Then again, we've got poppier songs that Metallica would never have, so it's hard to say."

Fuck! As heavy as Metallica! I'm sorry, but memories of bright pink backdrops and lovely, back-lit, back-combed hair kind of makes it hard to imagine. Unless... (pulls out press photo)... it's gone! The back-combed hair has gone! The lipstick is hardly there! What's happened?! Could this really be the end of the Gigi pout?

"If you saw us on tour in Europe - we didn't dress that way when we were there. We weren't that way anyway. It's just that the photo sessions that came out, they were the first photo sessions we ever did, so we didn't have any idea of how we wanted to look. At the time, I think we were being compared to the Vixen thing a lot - it was the eighties still. Things were a little different back then."

Ah yes, the eighties indeed. When women were women, and quite a few of the men who pranced around on stage were highly questionable. Perhaps the reason Phantom Blue didn't make any impact was that they were just a few years too early. One question is niggling at the back of my head, and I guess I just have to ask it or I'll develop a bald spot from scratching it.

If the band have always had such heavy roots, and have always been there to show Emperor how to put on a heavy show, then why has it taken so long to actually get it out and wave it in people's faces, if that isn't too personal a question.

"Well, I guess I should start by saying that when we came back from Europe we were going to sign with another major label here, but they ended up having a lot of political stuff go down. The president ended up leaving the company and the new president wasn't into signing anything heavy at the time. So, that deal fell through, and we started showcasing for other labels because we really didn't want to do another album on Shrapnel. We did a bunch of showcases and ended up going with Geffen!

"I think we're more on the heavier side, like Metallica or something."

"We didn't want to stay with Shrapnel because here, in the States, they don't do any promotion for a record. We wanted to go a little further than that - we didn't want to stay at the level of selling ten thousand records through mail order. You can't really reach an audience that way, and we thought we could do better, especially by the response we had when we came over to Europe. Roadrunner are so great over there, they get the records out in the stores, and they do a lot of promotion and stuff. We just wanted to be sure that we got the same attention here!

"After that, it took us about a year-and-a-half to write the songs and, once we had all the songs down, we needed a producer. So we met with a few different people but, from the beginning, our first choice was Max Norman. At the time, he was doing Megadeth, and he was tied up with that for a while, after which he did Mind Bomb. Finally, when he was free to do something, we caught him at the right moment, put him in handcuffs and dragged him into the studio."

At this point, I have to leave the interview for a while and turn the cold shower back on. Well, wouldn't you if they started talking about handcuffing people and dragging them into small sound-proof rooms?

Deviancy out of the way, and towelled down enough not to drip over my cassette recorder, we continue.

"We got the album finished in the end. It was a lot of hard work but it helped us grow a lot. In the meantime, though, Nicole ended up leaving the band. It was a mutual parting, pretty much. A lot of personal things, plus she was into writing more popular stuff and we were really going in a heavier direction. We just decided it would be best, and now she's gone!"

There you have Phantom Blue 1993. Yes, OK, so it might seem a little unfeasible that the band who have been known to attract the Mackintosh brigade will blow the speakers on your system, but stranger things have happened. Will this new, heavier line-up repeat the, um, interesting style of live show carried out last time, which involved members of the band stage-diving into a sea of pubescent, wildy groping hands? Who can say? With this band releasing tracks like 'Time To Run', and Metallica releasing 'Nothing Else Matters', we could soon be seeing a bit of a switch-around. Mind you, I'd rather see Gigi Hangagh in tight black jeans than James Hetfield in a short skirt! And I mean that in the nicest possible way, of course!

On Saturday and Sunday, 19th and 20th of September, Bon Jovi will be hauling their world encompassing 'I'll Sleep When I'm Dead Tour' over to the UK to play for more than a hundred thousand Jovi-ites at the Milton Keynes National Bowl! In tow will be Billy Idol, the Little Angels and the Manic Street Preachers, for what promises to be the Rock treat of '93! To celebrate this humungous Rock-fest, Metal Hammer persuaded chief Angel, Toby Jepson, to swap his singer's mic for a journo's recording mic for twenty-four hours! Getting the man to get the scam from Jon Bon Jovi and Billy Idol had superb results! And the Manics? Well, the best band in Brit Pop-Metal decided to write their own feature-ette! Lead on, Mr Wire..!

BOWL
MILTON K

"Camus (Albert, French existentialist writer) saw post-war life as totally absurd and unreal - the margins of right and wrong, male/female had become blurred beyond recognition. So in this age of constant re-evaluation and self-analysis, Bon Jovi saying 'Keep The Faith' makes more sense than U2 saying 'I'm Numb' as U2 abandon their past and become thirty year-old cartoons who have finally discovered DADA. At least Bon Jovi recognise and still celebrate their past. Too honest for their own good perhaps? For us, Milton Keynes is no different to Reading or Phoenix or Glastonbury. Whichever bands we play with we always feel the same intense level of alienation, because we feel we have nothing in common with any other band in the world. We want to redress the balance. Put the Roll back into Rock. For us, as teenagers in South Wales, Bon Jovi always took on a more Springsteen -like escapism, unlike the Pop/Rock/Glam tag that the media tagged onto them. People felt a yearning romanticism which I found in Phillip Larkin's, 'A reminder of the strength and pain of being young - that it can't come again but is for others undiminished somewhere.'

Just because a band ends up selling thirty million records doesn't mean they are automatically shit. America - 'People merge on the highways'. Bands are better musicians, ideas cost more and the sun shines. Britain has a long way to catch up. The worst thing about the two days with Bon Jovi is having to go to fucking Milton Keynes - the worst place in the world - 1984 gone insane. Needless to say, one night everything could be smashed - another night everything could be ignited. See you there boys and girls, and remember:

'THE SADDEST POEM OF ALL - IS THE LITERATE SCRAWL.' "

ANTHEM FOR DOO

By Nicky Wire

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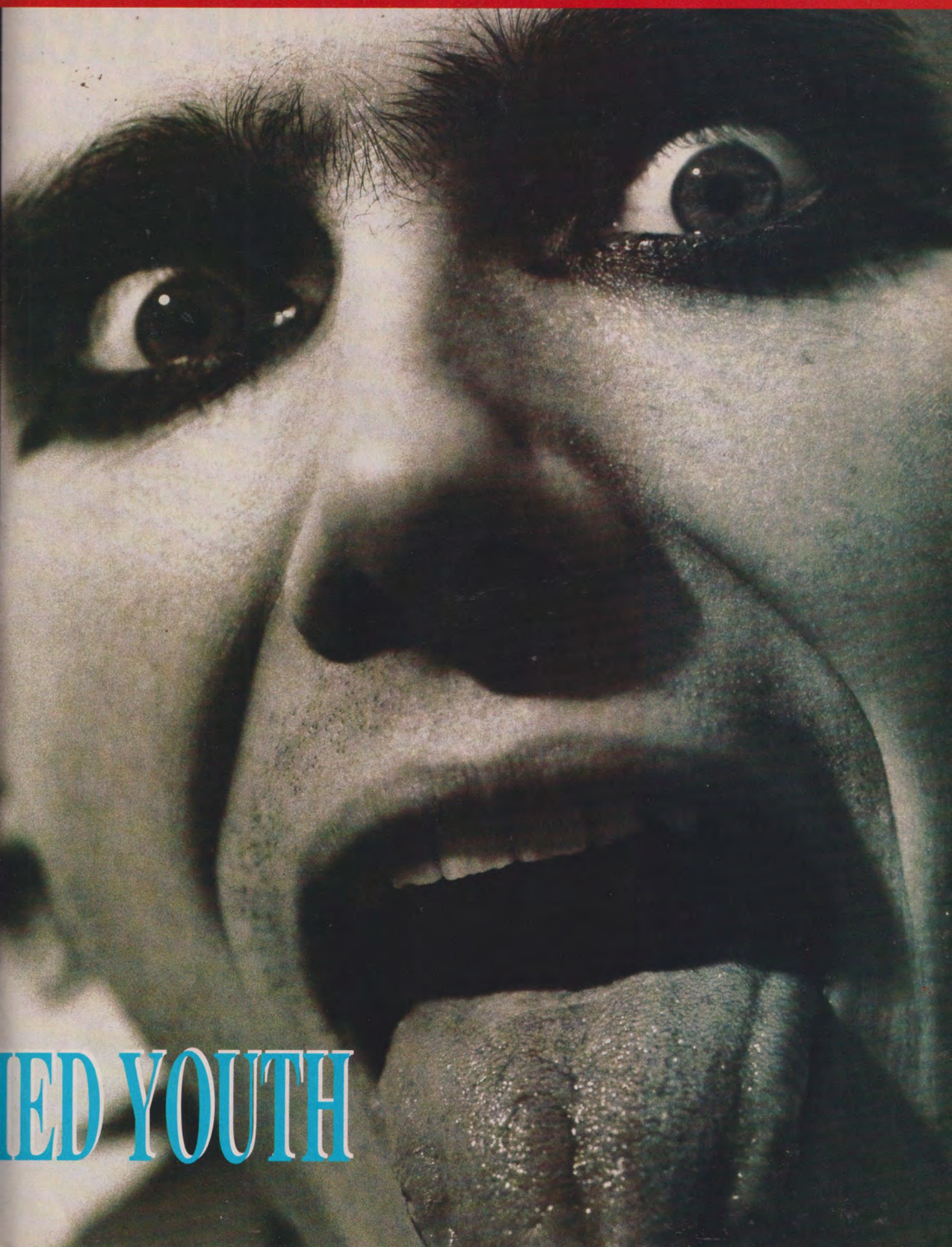

IED YOUTH

"...inside the sneer

First up, the king of throwaway Punk-Pop, his Royal Cyberpunk-ness, Sir William of Idol!

"I wasn't that nervous 'til I realised Billy didn't know who I was," revealed a clearly fraught apres-match Jepson. Realising Willie had him down as a regular journo of this parish meant that butterfly stomach made a play in his early, stuttered, questions. A few minutes in, though, and he's calmed down enough to ask the arch quiff-on-a-bike about his legendary and patented 'Idol Sneer'! Jeez, guts or what?!

...So Billy, your 'Cyberpunk' album seems to be you reacting against some of the things that are happening in Rock at the minute, namely the retrospective element of nineties music.

"I think it actually boils down to the making of the record. The albums we were making before, like 'Charmed Life', they all took three to four years to record, whereas this album was only made in ten months. So it was more a question of me being more frustrated with the sound of 'Whiplash Smile' and 'Charmed Life'. 'Whiplash Smile' was supposed to be an album very similar to 'Cyberpunk' but it didn't come out like that. I don't think we had command of it. It's taken me this long to get an album which in a way reflects my favourite Billy Idol album, 'Vital Idol', which is what I like about me."

What I'm concerned with, being on the same bill in Milton Keynes as you, is that in the past you've done shows of that size and I haven't! What can people expect from your show?

"The whole idea of what we're doing is to start off, get some great songs out there, and what you're going to be hearing is a full live band. When we're live we're going to be *totally* live."

It's been quite a while since you've played in Britain.

"Well, we *did* do three nights in Wembley in 1991, actually."

Oh... er?! So is Milton Keynes the biggest thing you've done in a while?

"Biggest since Rock In Rio. I think the great thing is that we've got a great selection of old Billy Idol music and we've got some great stuff off this new album. I think the combination of it should be pretty interesting. We're certainly not going to come on and play the whole 'Cyberpunk' album. We're not going to do anything daft like that! I think we'll use selected songs off the new album like 'Wasteland', 'Shock To The System', 'Adam In Chains', just four or five songs off the new album and the rest of it, quite a lot of it actually, is going to be old stuff. When we get back on our own in October and in Europe in the New Year we'll be hammering out a lot of the new stuff."

Are you ever tempted to go back to the Generation X era and put any of that stuff in?

"Well yeah, actually, when we come back on our own again we'll be doing 'Kiss Me Deadly'. I want to do that song, 'Day By Day', too."

I've got to be totally honest with you Billy and admit that I don't really know that much about the Generation X period in your career. It does strike me, though, that you were one of the main guys in the band, spear-heading the movement at the time. It's always interesting for me to talk to guys who were around in the Punk explosion. Do you still remember playing the Roxy in Covent Garden... f'rinstance?

"I can remember the whole thing, we had a great time! It was like a dream because it's what we wanted to do. To not only be taking the opportunity, but *creating* it. That's what we really did with Punk Rock. It's not like someone created it for us. We created the thing, the *idea*, then we created the audience for it! It was really wild! You go from five people watching The Sex Pistols to today - it's rather wild! It was fantastic and obviously you had the feeling that you were part of a movement, of an idea that wasn't just about music."

I don't personally think there'll be a period of time like that again. It was so fresh. The thing that I remember was that I was just putting my first band together at the time. I suppose at the tail end of it all was the fact that it always gave over the feeling that it was the last gasp of something, like the last vestige of youth or something... something new. Even with the Seattle explosion in the States, I don't feel it has anywhere near the potency that the Punk

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' is a definite FUCK YOU!"

thing had in Britain at the time. Was there a particular reason why you had to get out of Britain though?

"We went through two years of litigation, from 1978 to 1980. By the time we really got going, not only was Punk kinda dead but the New Romantic thing was happening. It was a shame. The Velvet Underground were from New York and so were The New York Dolls. Why hang out in England and be a burnt-out has-been? It was a bit like they gave you a ticket to go and explore the whole of the world, so why not try it? So really I actually went to New York purely as an experiment, and for the sheer hell of it! At that time the Punk thing itself had turned into sort of a Dance Rock thing, which was what I was actually doing, so it was a bit like, 'Fuck! They actually want this music!'. I was in the right place at the right time with music that people actually liked over there. It was like, 'Thank God I went out there!'. If you think I'm an alcoholic now, Jesus, think what I would've been like *then*! Luckily I stayed away from heroin! I saved my life by going to New York. I think that was part of the thing, to get away from my own vices. Strip yourself down to nothing, put yourself back to where you started from like I was back on the streets looking for people. It was just like when I first came up to London. So it made you feel like you had to try very hard, you couldn't just sit back and languish on what you've done. Like fuck!"

You left New York for Los Angeles though. Why?

"In New York you get to a certain point... I was there for seven years and we'd go to sleep... who knows? 6.00 to 8.00 in the morning and sleep 'til 4.00 in the afternoon. Eventually the women, drugs, boozing, keeping it going, touring, it gets to you. After about seven years of it I just kinda burnt myself out. New York's such a fast moving city if you don't watch yourself you can die there."

I know, like I've only been there a couple of times but after about four or five days it's too much. I'm a country boy myself and I get to those cities, and it's like, 'Fuck, this is too much to handle!'.

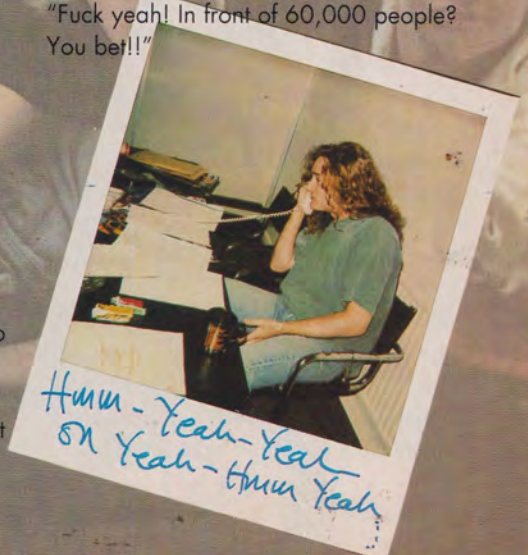
"Yeah! Also, at the time my girlfriend and myself were thinking of having a baby. I couldn't handle the thought of having a baby in the middle of Manhattan, the kinda place where kids go to school with bullet-proof vests on! My manager had changed and was out here, my producer Keith was out here too. It sort of helped keep me alive!"

Now, I've got to ask you about the infamous 'Idol sneer'. Is this something you consciously developed or what...? A bit of Elvis and Jim Morrison in you perhaps?

"Well, you can't really flick a 'V' at the whole world but you can sneer," he laughs good-naturedly. "Inside the sneer is a definite 'FUCK YOU!'. It's just a little bit of an element of defiance really. When I first went to New York I couldn't help but take on an attitude to stay alive. I felt like an animal backed against the wall. The sneer is like what an animal does. It bites back and shows its teeth. That's the frightening thing. It's not aimed at anybody else in the world but yourself. I was never the best song- writer in the world, you have to struggle really hard. It's easy to write a song but hard to write a good one."

Well, I guess that pretty much sums it up Billy! Thanks for the chat, and see you at Milton Keynes! I'm sure we'll have a really good day!

"Fuck yeah! In front of 60,000 people? You bet!!"



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...And finally, Jon Bon himself, and clearly the job that young Tobe's been relishing the thought of.

When Metal Hammer first asked me to interview Jon Bon Jovi, I was a little sceptical at first. I mean, after all I'm an artist and the things I would ask him are entirely different from the things that a jobbing journo would. But then I thought... that's the point! So then I became quite intrigued. Bon Jovi, and indeed, the whole thing surrounding their huge success has always shocked, surprised, and staggered me, and, I suspect, most people who have witnessed the growth over the years of one of the most successful Pop/Rock bands. So I thought, 'What the heck?!, I'll give it a go'...

We spoke on the eve of a gig in Chicago for Bon Jovi, something like a hundred and ten shows in to their world tour, with ninety to go! After a short chat about nothing in particular we got down to the business of the upcoming Milton Keynes show, of obvious interest to me, and I suspect, to those eagerly awaiting the shows. I was interested in finding out how Jon felt about the difference between playing clubs/arenas and huge outdoor gigs. Did he feel the same vibe? After all, the kind of intimacy you have in a club is very different to that of an outdoor show.

"To tell you the truth, I feel the same intimacy regardless of the event because the best thing we've always had going for us is the action/reaction with the audience," Jon answers. "I feel just as comfortable playing a stadium, because you look out and there's 60,000 people, so you go, '*This* is a good day'. But once you get over that, say in the first ten minutes, then you're getting down to business again and trying to put on a good show! I honest to God feel just as comfortable in say, the Astoria, as I will that day in Milton Keynes - it's not a big difference."

It's the same for me really, the whole point is to put out your best no matter where, or how, or what! It's funny because when we played Wembley Stadium with Bryan Adams, I asked him the same question, and he told me that he was so pleased to be there that all he really wanted to do was to shout 'FUCK!' down the mic, and it kinda turned my head a little, because that guy's been doing it for years, and to see that he still gets excited in such a huge way was very enlightening! I know I do! I think it's because both myself and indeed Bryan still have fun inside. We can't believe that we're there!

"You have to be a fan in order to want to be in a Rock band in the first place, because all you really want to do is imitate your idols. I had a similar experience when we played Giants Stadium in New Jersey - I couldn't believe it - I stopped the show and said 'You guys won't believe it, but I could get hit by a truck today and it wouldn't matter. This is as good as my life could ever get!' Honest to God."

It was great to hear Jon say this because, in the end, one thing that I think affects all musicians (well I suppose I can only speak from my point -of-view really) is that to be given the opportunity to stand up in front of an audience and have your music appreciated, is a great position to be in. It's one thing I'm thankful for every day!

I asked Jon if he still has the same kind of motivation, musically, having done so much and come so far...

"When we played with ZZ Top at Donington in '85, we made sure we had a photographer on the stage, behind us, to take our picture so we could hold onto that memory later! When we made our first album and then our second album, there was an innocence there. We didn't know what we were writing for, there was nothing to worry about. We had no idea of the market place, or the radio or MTV - we were just writing and hoping people would like it!

"But as we went further we had to confront a couple of demons, and it wasn't until this record that I could say 'Fuck the radio! Fuck MTV! I'm writing for me again!'. But you know Toby, I had to get through a period where I was scrutinised on everything I did by MTV or the radio or those commercial demons! It took me a while to get over the dreaded curse of 'Slippery When Wet'! My motivation only returned because I can now say, 'I don't give a fuck!', and mean it!"

If you look closely, there haven't been that many stadium Rock bands. 'Slippery When Wet' really opened the doors for a new era of Rock in stadiums. When you first started playing stadiums was it a huge shock to reach so high so quickly in the beginning?

"Man, we had no idea," he laughs. "We thought they were just songs - it was no big deal. Nothing could prepare us for it, nothing and no-one... The only regret I have is that we didn't take the time to enjoy it! You get so caught up with it we were just running with it. When I see pictures of us in '87 at Meadowlands or Madison Square Gardens or somewhere like that, I think we shouldn't have been there. As a band, we were sick and tired of it all."

Yeah, I know how you feel. We recently finished a British tour and by the end I could hardly talk. We'd had no break and I was so devastated, because on the final show in Scotland I couldn't sing a note! I felt I was letting the crowd down. In a big way!

"And you'd sell your soul to sing good, right? From time to time I've taken stuff to ease the pain, but it's very rare for me these days. I used to say, 'Jack up the vein, bring it in. I don't care what it costs, I'll pay the price!' And I did for a while because all I cared about was getting out there at night but it took me a long time to realise that 'Fuck that!' was a better option. After the 'Slippery...' tour, while we were recording 'New Jersey', I saw AC/DC play with White Lion opening, and we were in the dressing-room before

the show and the singer from White Lion came in and he could hardly speak and I got shivers down my spine. All I could think of was the pain that guy was going through. Fortunately I figured it out! You gotta fight those demons, you gotta get out there and give 2000 per cent."

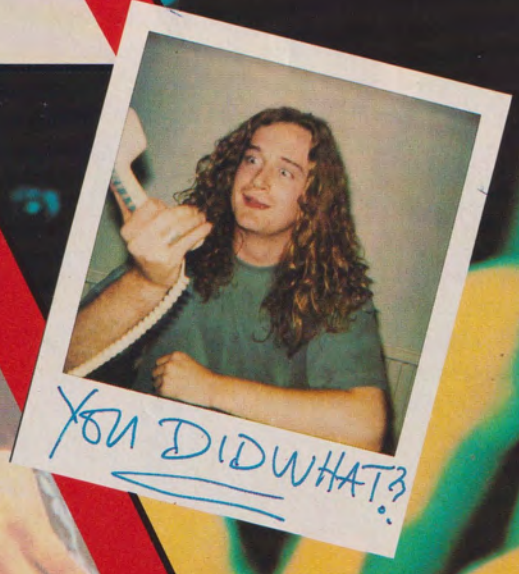
I think the kids forgive you as long as you do your best - they know, because they almost become part of the band! They get you under their skin and think they just wanna see you on that stage, good or bad.

"Put yourself in their shoes, they feel as part of the band as they do their favourite football team - you're friends. That's very important!"

Our conversation went on to discuss every area of music, from our mutual appreciation of Bob Dylan and Woody Guthrie, right through detailed discussions about making records and videos. Unfortunately I haven't the space to include it all here, I wish I could, but on the eve of the Milton Keynes shows I thought it best to stick to that best area of music, in myopinion: LIVE!

And your final verdict Toby?... It was great to talk to Jon Bon Jovi, he's a very focused man, and is clearly in control of his own destiny. Definitely a lesson there for me. I had six pages of interview notes ready in case I started to clam up, but he's such a friendly bloke that I didn't even look at them! I was really, really nervous at first, but when I realised how down-to-earth he was it went great! Anyway Jon, see ya at the Milton Keynes Bowl!

All the best



TAKING THE MICHAEL?

MIKE MONROE, ex-lead singer of Hanoi Rocks, the band who ended tragically after the death of drummer Razzle nearly a decade ago, is back. Well, not *back* exactly, because he's never really been away. CHRIS MARLOWE peers round a bottle of Newcastle Brown and talks to the Scandinavian bombshell about the past, present and future.

Mike Monroe feigns indignation at the idea of him making a comeback by taking a lengthy swig of his Newcastle Brown and declaring, "It's just the pictures got smaller!"

His raucous, punctuating laugh gives him away. But Monroe is no faded star of a bygone era; he's a living testimony to Rock'n'Roll, the ex-lead singer of Hanoi Rocks. He's merely been astray for a while.

For the uninitiated, it's impossible to explain why Hanoi Rocks matter. Even their albums don't completely capture them, although Guns N'Roses created Uzi Suicide Records just to re-release the first four.

"Axl and Slash wanted people to know about Hanoi Rocks, which I thought was fantastic," remarks Mike. "They really were sincere, and they're very cool people. And they acknowledge their influences. Yeah sure, they were influenced by Hanoi. Just so, we were influenced by Iggy And The Stooges, Johnny Thunders, Stiv Bator, and a bit of early seventies stuff - Mott The Hoople, the Faces. We took some of this and some of that, but we had our own thing. And that's what *they* do. They have that special thing."

The Scandinavian quintet dissolved just before Christmas of 1984, when a Pantera (car, not band) driven by a drunken Vince Neil careered into two other cars, and his passenger, Razzle, was killed. Hanoi Rocks decided it wouldn't be right to continue without their drummer.

It took nearly three years for Monroe to resurface with his solo career, and one additional year to decide things still weren't right. Mike reflects on his 'Not Fakin' It' tour. "That band was fine at whatever it was they did, but it wasn't natural. I was like a one-man show, and I didn't like that.

"The label thought that I was going to be another Bon Jovi, and I said 'no I'm not!'. I wanted to put out the rockers first, 'While You Were Looking At Me' or 'She's No Angel'. But they told me they were going to kill the album if I didn't agree to 'Man With No Eyes'. They just did the wrong thing, and it didn't work out. They didn't establish me as the rocker that I am. It sold gold in Japan, so they got their money back, but I never saw a cent."

Things degenerated even further after that, culminating in Mike refusing permission for his third album of 1992 to be released anywhere but in Japan. 'Jerusalem Slim' was two years in the making, and Steve Stevens (ironically now with Vince Neil) was heavily involved. Mike studies his blue suede shoes.

"I'd rather not talk about that. It was the torture of the damned."

He toys with his heavy silver bracelet, then shrugs.

"I just took a wrong turn. But I tried to stop it one month into the recording!"

Prodded further, he finally relents.

"Okay. This guitar player character called me, we did an album, and I'm not playing with him any more. Look who he's playing with now - doesn't that tell you enough?"

After a sullen moment, one of the most gorgeous men in Rock defuses his mood by shaking his blonde fringe and joking, "I don't know what happened. I guess I just figured 'well, in my whole career, I never really did an album that sucks in the worst possible way'. And that's what I did."

Monroe is in England to record his contributions to the Johnny Thunders tribute album along with fellow ex-Hanois Sami Yaffa (bass) and Nasty Suicide (guitar), and he has plans to reclaim his career once he gets home to New York.

"Since Hanoi, I always had different guys on the record than on the road, and I miss the band thing, I miss the chemistry," he says nostalgically. "I just put a band together with Sami; Nasty's welcome any day, any time but, right now, he has his own band, Cheap And Nasty. We're a really raw Punk band, very Dead Boys, UK Subs, The Damned, Iggy And The Stooges, in-your-face. If I have a hit song on my next album, it's going to be the end of my career. I mean, if a song I do becomes a hit, as it is, uncompromisingly, then fine, I'll take the money! But I'm not going to write the kind of songs the record company wanted to push. There are a couple of great new bands in New York; Warrior Soul is my favourite new band, and maybe D-Generation. I played some harp and sax on Warrior Soul's 'Chill Pill'. I'm really hoping to get a scene going again over there."

Suddenly serious, Mike leans over.

"You know, playing to people is important to me. *Really* important. I can barely pay my rent, but I don't care, because I can do what I love doing the most. No compromise and no regrets, which is always what Stiv Bator said. From now on, it's my way or the highway!"

STONE FREE!

Did STONE TEMPLE PILOTS *really* turn down the Aerosmith support slot just so they could play on the beach? A cynical TONY DILLON asks drummer ERIC KRETZ this pertinent question and more, keeping one eyebrow permanently raised throughout the interview.

They're from San Diego, and they're a little strange. Stone Temple Pilots are enjoying the kind of roller-coaster success story that other bands only read about in 'Take A Break'. But, after a couple of disgustingly successful gigs here, things have been a little quiet. What's been going on?

"We've been on this co-headlining tour with the Butthole Surfers," begins Eric Kretz, the extremely quiet and contented Californian drummer. "We've been playing some very strange and unusual places: amusement parks, motorcycle race tracks, horse race tracks and various beaches. We just wanted to do something really different.

"We declined the Aerosmith tour for this, which was going to be in front of extremely large audiences."

Hang on just a minute! I used to play in a band, and would have happily peeled my scrotum for a chance to play to crowds of more than *seven* people!

"Playing to thirty thousand people is just too much to do, night after night. Plus we wanted to do a co-headlining tour, *and* play these weird places. We did a show a couple of days ago in this amusement park, so there were roller-coasters and things all over the place. After we did our soundcheck, we just went out and had a great time."

Yes, it all sounds lovely, but what's actually wrong with standard venues? After all, isn't that what they're built for?

"I guess we're just tired of that whole scene - the metal can arena. When we set up our shows now, we like to have a party going on, with food vendors and volleyball fields and all kinds of stuff."

Well, some people have all the luck, that's all I can say. Still, the man is enjoying telling me what a great show the band puts on, so I might as well ask how the rest of the world is enjoying it.

"It's actually going better than I expected. We keep selling out. We keep having to move the shows to bigger venues, actually. In Europe too. We were selling out everywhere. It's great for me, being in Europe, because I'm playing so far from my home in California."

If it's so great, why not play in front of huge crowds? Surely that's the whole point?

"It's not so much large crowds exactly, because we're going to be doing some festivals over there. It's fun, that big rush, but it isn't something we would want to be doing all the time, every night playing huge places where you can't see the people in the back row. We just want to keep that sort of thing as one-offs, like Reading. I'm really looking forward to it, because I know some of the bands on it, and it's going to be a really good bill."

There is one question that needs to be asked, and something told me that Eric wasn't going to like it. Funnily enough, he didn't. So, Eric, how much of your success do you owe to Pearl Jam and Nirvana?

"I don't know. I don't have my graph with me right now," he snaps. Come on, there's no need to be sarcastic!

"The thing is, it wasn't really those bands. It was bands like Jane's Addiction that started the whole Alternative scene. Bands that didn't have radio play, that didn't have MTV play. Bands that just developed a large following. By the time they did get on MTV, America was sick and tired of ninety-pound hairdos, you know?

"So, to answer your question, I think you need to take a step back and look at bands like Jane's Addiction. Sure, we must have drawn people because of bands like Pearl Jam making the Alternative scene popular, but I can't say how many."

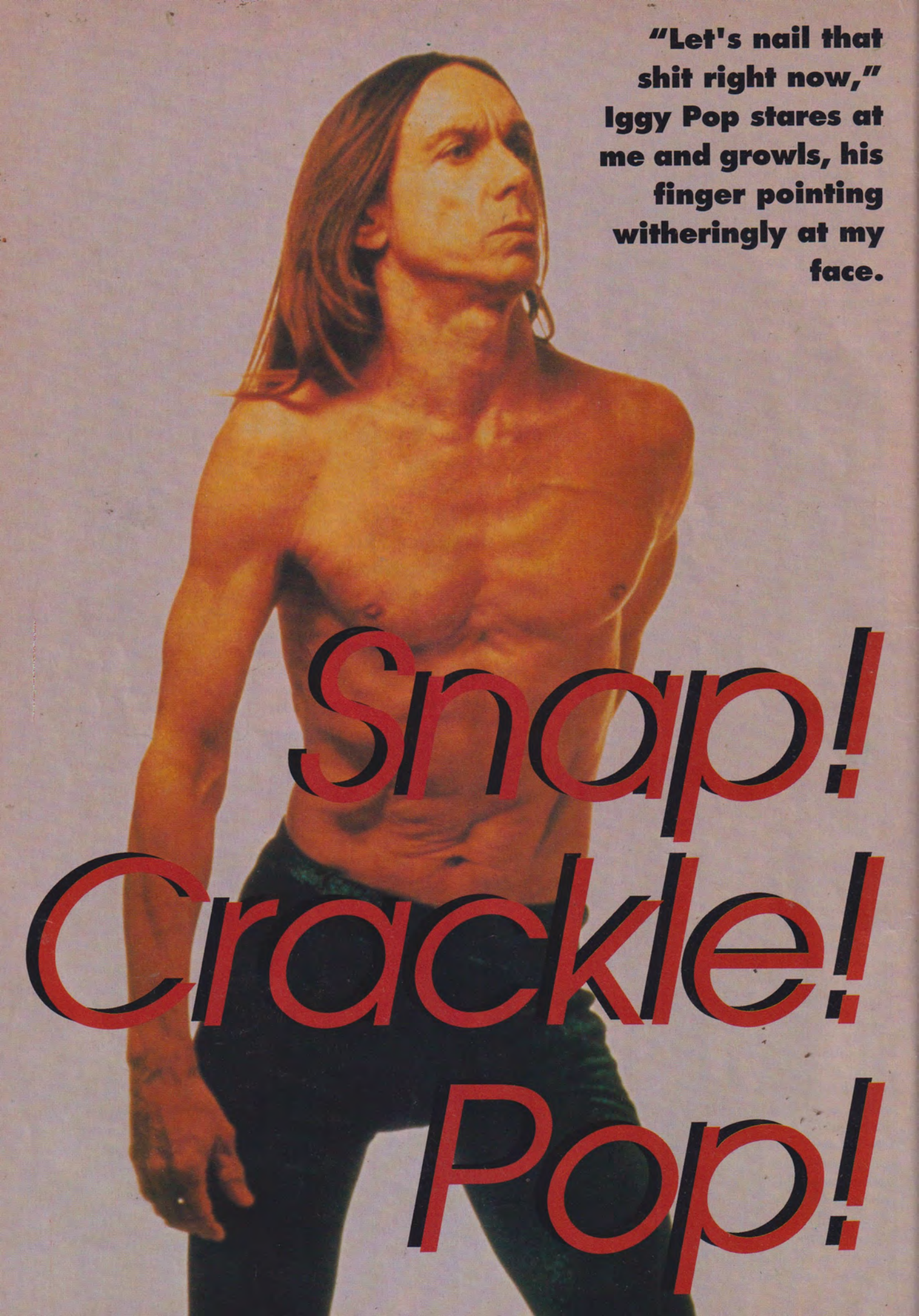
All this popularity has led the band to join the bill at this year's Reading Festival, as Eric mentioned. How do they feel?

"We've never done a festival before. How many people are going to be there?"

I hazard a guess of around fifty thousand. Eric gasps audibly, destroying his blasé image concerning large crowds.

"Oh God! I think the biggest we ever did was about seventeen thousand, which is pretty damn big! You walk out on that stage, and it's a bit of a shock! Looks like we're in for a shock this time!"

You betcha. See you on the stage, guys. I'll be in the back row.



"Let's nail that shit right now," Iggy Pop stares at me and growls, his finger pointing witheringly at my face.

Snap! Crackle! Pop!

We are seated at the back of Iggy's tour bus, following his recent show at the Leeds Town & Country club. It's 1.00 am and Iggy is pissed off. Big time. The problem is I've just remarked on all the people who have claimed his music and, in particular, his former band, the ancient and frazzled, most legendary unknown band of all time, The Stooges, as a major influence on their own music and then gone on to have the kind of success Iggy can still only dream about.

I was thinking here of rude dudes like Kurt Cobain, Axl Rose, Anthony Keidis...guys that sold more with one album than Iggy Pop has managed to sell in his entire career. And Iggy, in his own words, has just decided "I'm gonna take this point personally."

"I've read the magazines you write for - they're crap," he begins, hauling himself up on one knee in his seat, his gaunt, wall-eyed face framed in lank brown loops of hair, circa 1970, lent partial respectability by an elegant pair of black glasses.

"The idea of people being more successful than me because they *sell more records* or *have more money* is crap, too!" he continues, eyebrows arrowing.

"Number one, I have plenty of money; I make a good living. Number two, all my records sell more now than they ever did. Number three, I'm a *much* bigger influence and a more perennial influence on music than many, many people who sell more than me."

I attempt to halt him in his wounded tracks by pointing out that I had not meant to imply that any of the aforementioned Iggy apprentices were *better* than the real thing, just that - in commercial terms at least - they tended to leave the Detroit-born singer trailing in their platinum album-studded wake.

But Iggy is having none of it. I opened the can of worms, now he's gonna make sure they wriggle all over me...

"I am sitting here at 46 years old, motherfucker, and I'm looking at guys who..." He pauses while he grinds his jaw and thinks about 'all the guys who...'

"I was attacked on these grounds by Ian Hunter [formerly of Mott the Hoople], who gave an interview when I was 32 saying Iggy doesn't have the talent to be a big star!" he snaps. "Well, where the fuck is Ian Hunter now? Where the fuck is he, man? I'm still here! And people dig me a lot more than him."

I don't doubt it, but...

"So don't tell me fucking Robert fucking Plant or David Coverdale or any of those fucks are more successful than me, cos they're not..."

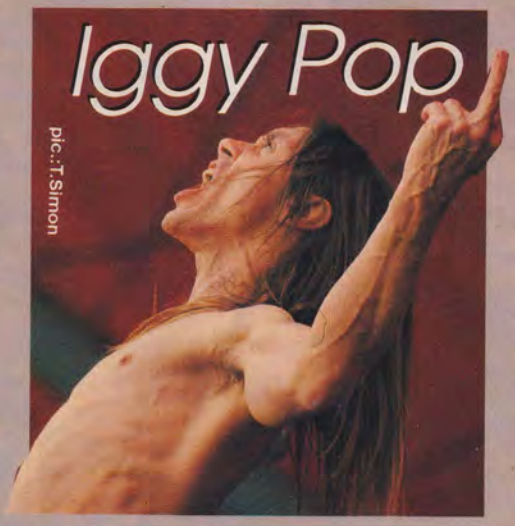
And it had all started so well. The show that night in Leeds had been a good one, liberally spiked as it was with all the down- and-dirty tunes from Iggy's grim yesteryears...'I Wanna Be Your Dog', 'No Fun', 'Down On The Street', 'TV Eye', 'Raw Power', 'Search And Destroy',...what *wasn't* he going to do for those of us that remember when the world really was still new and Iggy Pop was the legitimate, one hundred per cent gen-u-wine 'world's forgotten boy'?

Well, as it happens, he doesn't do much of the last 15 years at all. Nothing from his last truly lgmungous album, 'New Values', in 1979, and only the flop single, 'Real Wild Child' from the pleasing if workmanlike 1986 album, 'Blah Blah Blah'.

I had begun by remarking on what great shape he is in these days. We all know that someone like Mick Jagger is fanatical about keeping fit. But then Mick Jagger never used to tear open his bare chest on stage with broken beer bottles; Mick Jagger never had a *serious* heroin problem; Mick Jagger never ended up in psychiatric care; Mick Jagger was never...Iggy Pop.

What's the secret, I asked him: exercise and simple prayer? Sheep's piss taken in pill form? Or just plain junky good luck?

"I've got a guy, he's a Tai-chai master and I work with him when I'm at home in New York. I do something called chai-kung - sort of a series of exercises that's good for building



strength and general well-being."

He had said that what drove him on was, as he put it, "the importance of being able to...grow. I had a rough period right around the Christ age - around 33. From 33 to 40 was pretty shaky for me. Since then, these last six, seven years...It's been like a rebirth and I've been doing so many cool new fucking things that I've gotten into, that are the same sort of feelings I was having when I was like 18 or 19 to 24 - that period."

Which is where the interview started to nosedive. Listening back to the tape I hear myself asking as politely as I can whether Iggy ever suspects that the famous Scott Fitzgerald line about their being 'no second acts in American lives' might be all too true and he looks at me as though as I'd just turned blue.

"I'm a *fucking great* songwriter and the stuff I do today is as *fucking great* as anybody is fucking putting out in this fucking world!" he practically shouts at me, defying me to contradict him.

"Whatever happened to White Lion?" he barks suddenly. "You probably had them in your magazine - they had the gold records, right? Well, were they more successful than me?"

I say that whether White Lion were a better band than the Stooges or not, at least they once had a two-million selling album. Iggy Pop never had a two-million selling album.

"They've sold more records but that's not success," he sneers. "Just because I have more shirts than you doesn't mean I'm more successful than you - if you can write worth a damn. And if you can't, I'm saying, well, hey, Heavy Metal readers, fuck you!"

It seems like a good moment to remind Iggy that those same HM readers he has just insulted were more than likely the poor saps who bought his last extremely dodgy demi-metal album, 'Brick By Brick'.

"I would call anybody that bought a White Lion album a fucking dork, yeah. But nobody who bought White Lion would buy 'Brick By Brick'," he smiles cadverously. "I bet there's not one person in the world who owns both albums!"

I finally get him onto the subject of his own new album, 'American Caesar' - in my not-so-humble opinion his best work since his 'Lust For Life'/'New Values' late Seventies heyday. But Iggy is still looking for an outlet for his steam. "I just wanna say that those values are skewed in this society and that's why the music sucks so much, and that's why every band looks like each other and all plays like each other.

"And in the end, that's why they let down the listener because the real test - I'll tell you this and if you want to write a good article, this is the crux of it - the real test of a good band or a good singer is, over a period of time, what did that group, that artist, do for his listeners? "Now I can tell you what the Rolling Stones, or Bob Dylan, did for me, and how through them I discovered Bo Diddley, I discovered Muddy waters, I found a whole new world - The Who, The Kinks, quality stuff.

"They gave me a whole cool life when I was just some miserable nerd kid in school. And now I've had a great life because of people like that."

He sits there still smouldering, thinking it over. But the worst is clearly over. "It's very difficult when you don't sell a lot of records to get total control over what you do. The album where I had the most control over what I did was 'Funhouse' (The Stooges, 1970) and it got me kicked off the label," he makes a little joke. Neither of us laugh.

"When I made this record I nearly shit my pants, cos when I got it done I realised it was so fucking good I said, oh God, they're gonna kick me off the label again."

I hope not, Iggy. But remember what they say: art for art's sake, hit singles for fuck's sake. Massage ends...

Mick Wall

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- screwed natural neck
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Facts:
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Facts:
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- 3-way tone control
- headphone output
- adjustable distortion
- Line-Out
- Master-volume

- 1 x orig. M.A.J.A.T.H.S.W. tuner
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- orig. Floyd Rose tremolo system
- finetuning and toplock
- natural wood neck
- Fast fingerboard because of extreme low string position
- finish: Black

1 x orig. Marshall Guitar-Amp

Facts:
- Model: MR 8040
- switchable chanels (2 chanels)
- built-in reverb
- 3-band EQ for overall soundcontrol
- tube preamp
- 40 watts solid state poweramp
- Marshall/Celestion 12" speaker
- The orig. Marshall Sound
- Footswitch included

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- 24 jumbo frets
- 3-way pickup switch
- licensed Floyd Rose Tremolo
- finetuning and toplock
- deep body cutaway for high-speed-solis
- finish: Jet Black

1 x orig. Marshall Guitar-Amp

Facts:
- Modell: MR 8040
- switchable chanels (2 chanels)
- built-in reverb
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- tube preamp
- 40 watts solid state poweramp
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- finetuning and toplock
- screwed natural neck
- 22 frets
- sharktooth inlays
- 1 x Volume /1 x tone control
- machineheads: black
- finish: Jet Black

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Facts:
- 30 Watts musicpower
- HI/LOW inputs
- 3-way tone control
- headphone output
- adjustable distor
- Line-Out
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1 x orig. Marshall Guitar-Amp
Facts:
- Model: „MR 8040"
- switchable chanels (2 chanels)
- built-in reverb
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- tube preamp
- 40 watts solid state poweramp
- Marshall/Celestion 12" speaker
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- 3-way pickup switch
- licensed Floyd Rose Tremolo
- finetuning and toplock
- all frets easy to play because of deep cutaway
- finish: Jet Black

1 x orig. Marshall Guitar-Amp
Facts:
- 30 Watts musicpower
- HI/LOW inputs
- 3-way tone control
- headphone output
- adjustable distortion
- Line-Out
- Master-volume

- 1 x orig. Marshall tuner
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- 3-way pickup switch
- orig. Ibanez Floyd Rose Tremolo
- screwed natural neck
- finetuning and toplock
- 22 frets
- sharktooth inlays
- 2 x volume / 1 x tone control
- machineheads: black
- finish: Jet Black

1 x orig. Marshall Guitar-Amp
Facts:
- Model: „MR 8040"
- switchable chanels (2 chanels)
- built-in reverb
- 3-band EQ for overall soundcontrol
- tube preamp
- 40 watts solid state poweramp
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- finetuning and toplock
- sharktooth inlays
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- machineheads: black
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Facts:
- 30 Watts musicpower
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- 30 Watts musicpower
- HI/LOW inputs
- 3-way tone control
- headphone output
- adjustable distortion
- Line-Out
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As the SCORPIONS prepare to unleash their millionth album, vocalist KLAUS MEINE and guitarist MATTHIAS JABS meet up with Metal Hammer in London to talk about their favourite clothes. "Beware," they warn fashion victim ANTHONY NOGUERA, "of the 'Alien Nation'!"

SCORP

Facing The Heat Of Su

"Troubled times don't turn your back to the lions / troubled times just learn your lesson well / the party is over" (Unholy Alliance)

...ONS

pic:: M. Bußmann

...cess!

'Face The Heat' is something ike the Scorpions' two hundredth album in as many years. They've been a part of Rock history since anyone can remember. Axl Rose once said that the crucial moment of inspiration for him forming a band was when he was in a traffic jam and heard Scorps songs coming from car stereos on either side of him. 'Face The Heat' is an energetic rampage through modern Pop-Metal, with more chances taken than ever before from a band too readily pigeon-holed as a dumb-ass Metal show. They were always far better than any of their contemporaries and were doubtlessly one of the best live bands on the planet, but after the huge world-wide success of the whistling 'Wind Of Change' any creative credibility they mave have had left, went out the window. Yet each of their albums manages to sell more than its predecessor. It's gotta be clear then that the time for having a pop at the Scorpions has long since past I'm afraid. Dodgy haircuts, songs about shagging, fashion faux-pas of the most prosecutable order aside, the Scorpions remain one of the world's most enduring *and* popular acts. However much it got up people's noses, 'Wind Of Change' from the band's last album, 'Crazy World' sold some fourteen million copies world-wide! That's fourteen with a hell of a lot of zeros after it! Yet they remain unfalteringly un-cool.

"You know," smirks ageless singer, Klaus Meine, as he tucks into an appetising plate of smoked mackerel in the band's Chelsea hotel suite. "We were real upset that 'Wind Of Change' was such a big hit. We'd much rather swap being number one in twelve countries for being cool, anyday."

Sure you would. His sarcastic smile says more than words ever could. Regardless, in the two years since the band's most commercially successful album to date was released the world Metal scene has shifted emphasis to a point where the view of the Scorps' brand of energetic but ultimately throwaway Pop-Metal might be slightly condescending. The Scorps though, are un-repentant.

"Good," says Matthias Jabs, Scorpions' lead guitarist for some fifteen years and a man possessed of probably the world's most mis-pronounced name ever. "We know how much things have changed and we like some of the new stuff. I say 'new' although it's not so new anymore. It's at least two years old in some cases. It's not like the music itself is new, it's just that the attitude is new. A change was needed because after a while things were getting pretty stale. It started off with Nirvana, but the whole vibe isn't so new anymore."

Umm...

"It's like there are some great songs," Klaus chips in. "It's a happenin' thing you know? It's hip with the kids. You're right, things are changing pretty radically all over the

place." - ;People are sick and tired of everything being so polished," reckons Klaus of the death of American Arena Rock. "This new stuff is very rough and basic. It has a real 'street' feeling.

So where does that leave the Scorps in '93? Aren't they all about flash and show and dodgy trousers?

"Are we?" Wonders Matthias. "Well, every band has their own sound and image. We used to have a wardrobe girl on our last tour..." He looks suitably repentant for. "But now it's not like it used to be. We don't feel we have to twist our brains for new designs these days."

Then you think about that bit in the verse that goes, 'Little girl, what he's doing isn't right' and you realise that this is actually a rather hard-hitting tale of suburban child abuse.

"We don't feel like we have to over dress- anymore," adds Klaus, resplendent today i: plain jeans and an open shirt. So looking back, when was the most embarrassing era, fashion wise for these Germanic Lords of Rock? "I look back at the pictures from the old days and go, 'How the hell did I wear *that*?!' I think that everyday! People look back at ten years ago, even up to two years ago and think 'uggg' Just look at a British movie from the 60's! It's alright for Matthias to say this because he wasn't responsible for the band's worst excesses. By joining the band in the latter end of the seventies he brought with him skin-tight strides, lycra and leather and lots and lots of stripes.

"That's only so people could see me when I was on stage in arenas," he valiantly protests. "And anyway, is this an interview about fashion or music?"

Fashion.

"Oh, okay."

So go on, tell us about the flares. And the stack heels... and the satin!

"And the bell bottoms?" Klaus laughs.

"People today look much more attractive. And then it's boom, back to the same old shit. C'mon, you always look back at pictures from ten years ago and think 'oh my God!!"

I see Matthias is sporting skin tight leather trews today, surely Lenny Kravitz approved flared leg ware would be more 90's?

"You know, I only packed this one pair," explains the elegant six string fashion victim running a bony finger down his black leather drain-pipe. "So I don't have a choice! It's kinda weird when you walk through LA today because it's like you're back in the 70's. Science has done all this great shit... but fashion hasn't really gone anywhere new, it may be fun for the new kids, but we've already done all that stuff, it's boring."

"We've see it all before."

What really sticks out in your mind as a total fashion faux-pas?

This one's for Klaus.

"On stage now it would be impossible to wear high-healed shoes, it's just impossible, like, you couldn't really move! Jumping off the drum riser, chances are that you'd break your ankles within the first two days on tour."

"Stage outfits for me, are a question of colour," Matthias reveals. "It has to be stretchable and half-way comfortable and I have to have flat shoes, sports shoes of some sort and a T-shirt 'cause everything else is too hot. Some trousers you can move in are

"but now we're an established band. We've been around too long to be cool."

important and a shirt, and that's about i.. You don't really need to think about it."

So there you have it, stage wear the Scorpions way. You might be able to dress like them but you sure as hell won't be able to sell records like them! The Scorpions sell millions of records all over the world, they have number one albums in countries that no-one has ever heard of yet they remain one of the world's most un-cool bands in most people's eyes.

"You have so many different directions at the moment, everything from Hate Rock to Grunge to Metallica, there's nasty sounding stuff but at the same time the Hippy Flower Power movement has comes up again as well, so all the directions are contrary to each other so... there isn't really one direction at the moment. Some people want music to be tougher and tougher and others are looking for the peaceful side of things. Y'know, thank God we don't just have one style of music and one style of clothing because then we'd all be in the military."

Just what is Klaus going on about here? So where do the Scorps fit in in this convoluted scheme of things?

"A lot of the established bands are in deep shit out there because of all those new bands, who make *them* look pretty old!" says Klaus admonishingly. Remembering that he's been in this business for more than twenty years I readily defer to his judgement.

"The whole key is the music. If your music is

Pics.: M.Bußmann

strong enough it will make its way through to the fans whether you wear shorts or whatever the fuck you're wearing. If the music is right there, then you don't need to think about it. We have changed a little bit but in our own way. We are progressing in our own way you know? It's always good that there's a fresh wave of new music because it provides a challenge as well. As soon as a new band makes it there's already a next generation ready to kick their ass. Those bands make bands like Metallica look old! God, I wouldn't even want to talk about what they'd make us look like!" It's not very cool to be into the Scorpions though, is it? They afford themselves a chuckle, making some noise about worrying in their sleep about being un-hip with the Hep cats whilst sitting pretty at the top of the charts in twelve countries at once.

"We used to be cool," grins Klaus, quite

rightly not giving a monkey's, "but now we're an established band. We've been around too long to be cool."

"Cool is only what's new." Yep, Matthias is probably right.

The Scorpions are easy about their age and are the first to make a joke about Zimmer frames, slap-heads and wheelchair rockers. They've matured though, they reckon. No more tongue-in-jeans songs about shagging and hurricane style rockin' for these forty-somethings. Late in the day sure, but 'Wind Of Change' allowed the band to break away from their stereo-typical lyrical surroundings and reach out into pastures new. On 'Face The Heat' there's a song called 'Daddy's Girl' which at first glance would appear to be a nudge-nudge, wink-wink, Bob's-yer- uncle type shagging song. Wrong! Klaus wrote this one, and he is understandably proud of what is a stunningly understated breath of simplicity. The guitars are suitably delicate and wrap Meine's gentle vocal in a honey coating. 'Aaaahhh', you smile, 'what a pleasant little ballad'. Then you think about that bit in the verse that goes, 'Little girl, what he's doing isn't right' and you realise that this is actually a rather hard-hitting tale of suburban child abuse.

It's all the more shocking because of its sugar coating. I mean, excuse me, but isn't this all a bit strong, a bit, well, *heavy going* for da Scorps?

"That song has been around for a while and it's a heavy topic, not the type of song the radio will play every hour. It's too depressing for most people who hear it. This song is one of those songs that we decided to take a risk on. The magic for me in this song is the balance between the beautiful melody and the heavy lyric, you know?"

It's not a typical Scorpions' ballad at all, is it?

"It was very exciting to write about something that has such a deep meaning" enthuses Klaus. "Really, to make the message a kind of surprise, not to be predictable, not just another ballad was very exciting for me. I just to make the people go, 'What the fuck was this?, I want to listen to this again!'. We're moving away from the old sort of thing. It feels like there's nothing left to talk about with our usual 'she's so beautiful' kind of song. About time some might say. But there's one thing I'm wondering about here...

"Don't ask me why I wrote that song it was just something in the air and I picked it up."

I wasn't going to! I was just going to ask how you felt after writing a song like 'Daddy's Girl', when your fourth album, 'Virgin Killer' landed you in serious trouble with its aggressively controversial. The cover, just in case you've only ever seen the censored version that made it into the shops over here, depicts a full frontal, naked, eleven year old girl. A shatter line runs down the pic, across her genitals. Art or child pornography? Matthias wasn't in the band in those days so it's left to Klaus to answer.

"Well you know, the idea was the guy that owner the record company we were with at the time. It was actually *his* daughter. He thought it was really arty. We were never really sure about it but it was on the edge, and we liked that about it. We said at the time, 'We're going to have a fucking big problem with this' and we *did* !The cover for 'Taken By Force' was also banned (ridiculously so, since the image is an inoffensive shot of a small boy stood in a war cemetery). I was recently asked if I'd do those covers again and I said immediately that I'd do 'Taken By Force' at any time, but 'Virgin Killer'... I have my problems with it you know?"

So maybe now they're acting their age.

"You know," says Klaus, "we've always had the same basic concept for all the albums we've ever done: have two or three ballads at the most, a couple of heavy tracks and a couple of mid-tempo ones."

We're talking about the fact that no matter how many hard songs the band release as singles, it isn't until they decide to go with the ballad that things start to get warm in the sales stakes.

"It's always the same," shrugs Matthias with the definite air of a man who's long since given up worrying about such things. "We're always called a ballad band, but in the old days, the record company never pulled the ballads off the albums. They could have released 'Holiday' or 'Always Somewhere' from 'Lovedrive' but they didn't. It's only 'Wind Of Change' that has caused so much fuss and I don't know why. Again we're releasing a Hard Rock song as the first single (the stomping 'Alien Nation') but already some countries are refusing to play it."

"We were real upset that 'Wind Of Change' was such a big hit. We'd much rather swap being number one in twelve countries for being cool, anyday."

After all the business troubles that the band endured last year, compounded by the inexplicable departure from the ranks of long serving bassist Francis Buckholz (who has semi-retired from music and grown a moustache), they have managed to come up smiling. And what about change? And then, as if by magic, Rudy Schenker pokes his head round the corner and I'm knocked speechless... the man who made ridiculous face pulling into an Olympic sport has shaved off his patented Germanic Rock God handle-bar moustache! Now, *there* blows a wind of change!

FIGHT FIGHTIN'

ROB HALFORD is fighting fit after his split from Judas Priest. His new band, FIGHT, have just released their debut album, 'War Of Words' and, as the howling frontman insists to CHRIS MARLOWE, it is "very powerful and intense". Chris listens in dumbstruck fascination.

Rob Halford joined Judas Priest in 1971, before some of the people who bought their latest album had even been born. Twenty years later, he decided he needed to broaden his horizons, and the seeds of his new band, Fight, were sewn.

"It wasn't anything that I walked into overnight," Rob points out. "I put a tremendous amount of thought and consideration into this. It wasn't until the fall of '91 when it started to be so important to me that I really couldn't hold back any longer."

In a perfect world, Fight would have been a side-project, with Judas Priest remaining his priority.

"Initially, that would have been my choice. But it didn't quite work out that way, as it turned into a major dispute towards the end. Unfortunately, I've now completely severed all ties with Priest."

The reasons Fight became necessary are complex and personal, so Rob chooses his words carefully.

"I think it would be fair to say that, for myself as a musician/artist, I wanted to stretch myself. I'd much rather take a big risk and fall flat on my face than just go through the motions. For me, it's important that I feel I'm moving forward, not just going through the same issues over and over again with a slightly different running order. I needed a change of style, a different sound in my head, different experiences."

This desire for metamorphosis first manifested itself physically, as Rob exchanged his rather camp biker leathers for his current more 'street-wise' look.

"I think that was the beginning of a rebirth. All these crazy things starting to happen to

TALK *FIGHT*FIGHT*

visiting. I saw him play with the band that he'd come down from the Midwest with, and was absolutely staggered! He's an absolute maniac, a phenomenal musician. Brian Tilse, one of our guitarists, was in the same band, so it was a double bonus! The final guy, Russ Parrish, I'd known through my friendship with Paul Gilbert from Mr Big, and Jeff Martin of Badlands. They were all living in a big house together."

So far, the transition from Judas Priest to Fight has not been as drastic as Rob had expected. He'll only admit to one pivotal moment, during the recording of Fight's debut album 'War Of Words', when his drastic career decision truly sank in.

"I think it hit me when we were making the record in Wisseloord Studios in Holland, because Priest had made the 'Painkiller' album there. So, when I walked into the studio, that was when it hit me the most. But it felt real *good*."

Fight's initial live shows made an emotional impression of an entirely different kind on Rob.

"We played our first shows last week, here in Phoenix at a little club called The Mason Jar. We had a tremendous time, and the reaction was incredible. Of course, it was the first time the band had ever played in front of people, and that was a big rush in itself. It's really got us fired up now!"

Those shows also gave Rob his first audience reactions to Fight. "The initial response was that I was just not expecting that kind of reaction! Which is something of

music was coming from me before the band was even created. But it was music that I felt needed to be played, 'coz it was important to show the diversification and the eclectic qualities available from this band. You have material as powerful and radical as 'Nailed To The Gun', and then you have more traditional songs like the ballad, 'For All Eternity', and then there's the slightly Alternative edge of 'Vicious', or the dramatic, powerful 'Reality, A New Beginning'. So, because we didn't really have that much time to sit around and create and develop, we had to move forward *effectively* on this project. For the next one, when we know what's making each other click like we do *now*, then we can focus more on teamwork."

He's hardly complaining, however. Rob agrees that these songs are more personal than anything he sang with Judas Priest.

"That's an observation that I hope most people will make. Moving away from the epic fantasy, mythological type of approach that I had before gives me an opportunity to get *real*. Songs like 'Contortion', 'Nailed To The Gun', 'Into The Pit', 'War Of Words', they all reflect something of my personal feelings as I'm affected by what I see in the world."

This may be most explicit on the title track, which deals directly with when Judas Priest were brought to court to defend themselves against accusations that their music had contributed to two fans'

me - and I have absolutely no understanding why they took place! But I think you have to kind of shift your shape along with the music, and this music that Fight plays is extremely radical and very powerful and intense."

Fight were formally launched at a press conference in May 1992, when Rob invited people to send demo tapes. As it transpired, however, he needn't have bothered. Scott Travis, who'd joined Judas Priest after being in Racer X, was the first to call.

"Scott said he'd be interested, and I jumped at the chance! He's one of the great Metal Rock drummers in the world. I met our bass player, Jay Jay, here in Phoenix. He was working in a tattoo shop that I'd been

a statement in itself. You know, it would be easy for me to go into all the usual adjectives and synonyms to describe the band, but all I'm hoping is that we've made something very unique and honest that people will find appealing. We're a 'take us or leave us' band. We're not fancy, we're not clever. We don't need a million amps and a million lights and smoke and lasers and bombs to make it happen. We simply go out there and play from the heart. And we're getting a terrific response!"

The songs are naturally part of that directness and, on this first album, Rob has written virtually everything, although he's hoping for a more democratic future.

"I've composed all the material because the

suicides. It took nearly four years for the band to be acquitted.

"I think you'll appreciate that that episode affected each of us quite deeply. In that song, I take a piece from The First Amendment and I think I'm able to interpret that because of what Priest went through with the Reno case. The song's an observation about the way that particular piece of the Constitution is misused and abused, a personal perception on that issue."

Rob's new venture and new direction also significantly puts paid to all of the ultra elaborate stage shows he participated in with Judas Priest.

"For me, all that's ended now. People don't want that anymore. They don't want theatrical displays. It's all about credibility."

LOLLAPALOOZA '93
Nashua, New Hampshire

Whatever this remote field usually is, it's not a Rock venue. To be precise, it's a baseball diamond with a very temporary-looking stage and some trucks and tents and stuff scattered around. But that's OK because, whatever Lollapalooza may be, it's certainly not a Rock concert.

• RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

Lots of 'backstage' people are beaming like Born-Agains and crowing, "do you realise this sold out before the bands were even announced?". They seem to think this is a good thing. In fact, it's sort of depressing that roughly 20,000 people spent £20 without knowing what they were paying for.

There's lots of shopping to keep the punters busy, though. Tie-dye clothing and those round beanbag things are popular, as is anything promoting the legalisation of marijuana.

There are computer games and rides. There's temporary tattooing and permanent piercing. There's what the promoters are pleased to call a 'Free Speech Tent', in which people are preaching such radical beliefs as not killing Flipper for tuna or Bambi for fun. With all this, the onsite cash-point machines probably shouldn't come as a surprise.

There are also some bands performing, even if the vibe treats them as being just another sideshow attraction.

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE get the opening slot on the Main Stage. Not much of the audience appear to have heard of them, but their passion and political rantings get lots of people chanting along soon enough.

TOOL (who replaced Babes In Toyland) come on next, and sound curiously similar to RATM under the combined intensity-diluting circumstances of dirt and bright sunlight. Tool are more confident and fun to watch, however, so them getting their message across doesn't feel so premeditated.

FRONT 242 then do their damnedest to create a suitable atmosphere using strobes and fog and choreography but, even with the addition of a live drummer, they get turned to murk in the wide open spaces.

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT and their onstage 'spiritual advisor' get a massive response, the audience swelling for the first act that gets mass recognition. It's all cosily perfect, just like their videos, and it seems churlish not to groove along

• FISHBONE

with the multitudes. Guilty as charged! But FISHBONE are more like it. They come on next, and the mosh-pit goes wild along with singer Angelo Moore. The band are frantic, funny and musically adventurous.

DINOSAUR JR then lower the motion quotient instantly. They're the only band here today with genuinely beautiful songs, but this is not the venue for sharing J Mascis' introspective pain. ALICE IN CHAINS storm through more successfully with all the huge power of Grunge seeking out its own kind. The black humour of thousands of punters gleefully screaming 'We Die Young' adds to the entertainment, even if AIC aren't much to watch.

PRIMUS provide the antidote to that, though, with singer/bassist Les Claypool charming everyone for miles. His is a studied wackiness, but it works well with the pumped-up grooves behind it, and it's dancing time again.

After their deserved encores, nearly eleven hours of sporadically great music have elapsed and it's time to go. It must be, 'coz even the vendors are closing their stalls.

Chris Marlowe

• ALICE IN CHAINS

NIRVANA
Roseland Ballroom, New York

One day people will be turning the pages of Rock encyclopaedias and find 'Nirvana, New York City, Roseland Ballroom' alongside 'The Beatles, London, Royal Albert Hall'. And I'll be sitting there grinning to myself, marvelling at how people's perceptions change in the course of time.

Naturally, I've only seen film footage of probably the most important concert in the career of The Beatles, but I'm sure that it was much cooler than the alleged cult gig by Nirvana, who are hardly less popular these days. And, of course, there's John Lennon's memorable quote: "The people in the cheaper seats please clap your hands, others just rattle their jewellery"!

The atmosphere at the Roseland was one of euphoric anticipation, presumably similar to the night the Fab Four played the Albert Hall - girls close to fainting, guys moshing

about everywhere, rebellious fists raised everywhere - but, unfortunately, Nirvana were missing that little something, that cocky little smile, the odd cheeky remark, the anarchistic gestures, which would have made the first live performance of their new album 'In Utero' really memorable.

They delivered the set with their familiar snotty attitude, but acted much less 'anti' than expected. I wouldn't have been surprised if these reluctant idols, like Sonic Youth at a recent festival gig, had decided to play only completely unknown material out of sheer non-conformism and spite. *But* the opposite was the case.

After the two new openers, 'Serve The Servants' and 'Scentless Apprentice', two straightforward Punk Rock numbers which led me to expect an album along the lines of the edgy tradition of 'Bleach', Nirvana began to reel off hits non-stop. 'School', 'Breed', 'Lithium' and 'Come As You Are' easily got the first thirty rows at the sold-out Roseland moving.

But maybe it was all too easy for the band. The only one of the three who communicated with the audience was *Krist* (he's reverted to his original name) Novoselic. Kurt remained silent, hiding behind his blonde hair and the massive woolly jumper which he insisted on wearing despite the thirty-one degree heat outside the venue. The songs were delivered faultlessly, but without much passion.

Onto new numbers like 'Milk It', 'Tourrets', 'Drain You', 'Aneurysm' and 'Very Ape', where Nirvana were supported by Big John, formerly of The Exploited, on guitar. Is this guy likely to become the fourth band member???

The fans went apeshit, but Nirvana continued to pile the pressure on by playing 'Blew', and it looked as if we were in for a wild night of dancing! Suddenly, a couple of roadies carried some chairs onto the stage, a cello appeared from out of nowhere - and Nirvana settled down to some serious acoustics! To start off, this seemed like a nice idea but, when after 'All Apologies' and the tried-and-tested 'Polly' and 'On A Plain', guest musician Laurie launched into 'Something In The Way' and the Leadbelly cover, 'Where Did You Sleep Last Night?', I could hardly suppress a yawn. The kids in the first few rows continued to pogo on regardless and, at last, they got their soundtrack in the shape of 'Smells Like Teen Spirit' (what else?). Nirvana delivered their cult anthem as offhandedly as possible and seemed to have a lot of fun in the process: Kurt sang as monotonously as he could manage and purposely left out two notes of the riff throughout. But I didn't actually find it that funny, and started to move towards the exit, where I came across a number of kids who happily told MTV how great the gig had been. In all truth, there weren't a lot of people who joined in their euphoria. '*Nervana*', a colleague joked after the gig. I can only agree.

Nicola Wiedemann

4 NON BLONDES
Camden Underworld, London

Fuck me, does that Linda Perry have an amazing voice or o what? I've had a couple of months to dribble all over the album, and finally I get the chance to drool and slobber all over the band in question. They've hit the heady heights of Top Of The Pops - something they openly admit to doing even though they hated it, plus a support slot at Neil Young's Finsbury Park party... a band would need to be shit-hot to support the track record and hype that this lot are quickly collecting.

Thankfully they *are* shit-hot. So hot, in fact, that, by about the fifth number of the show, the audience starts to slow down. Selling six hundred tickets is not a very good idea, especially when a venue can only hold four hundred and fifty people, but this is just idle whining - what does it matter if you're pressed up against a sixteen-stone blubber monster and someone whose hair is back-combed to the point that it has started growing from their arse? The slow, lazy opening chords of 'Train' lead into some frantic acoustic riffing from the lovely Linda (did I mention what a fabulous voice she has?), and the night starts rolling. Well, theoretically it does. Unfortunately, it seemed that most people are only here to hear (hear hear!) the smash single, 'What's Up?', as the band plough through 'Spaceman', 'Calling All The People' and the incredible 'Pleasantly Blue' to nothing but loud applause and a bit of foot-tapping.

The opening line to 'What's

Up?', and everything changes. People try to sing along - they haven't a chance - and the band really start to enjoy themselves. Guitarist Roger bounces along, bassist Christa towers over the whole thing offering the odd stage Rap and drummer Dawn could teach Lombardo a couple of things about power drumming.
Linda Perry is a fine frontperson, a little manic and exceptionally talented in the vocal department, but she has a tendency to rant here and there. She yells at the lighting engineer because the lights are too bright. She yells at someone backstage because they've turned on the dry ice, and 4 Non Blondes just aren't a dry ice kind of band. An encore ensues, and the solo acoustic 'Drifting' has backs shivering all over the place. Moving? I almost wet my pants.
Tony Dillon

BIZARRE FESTIVAL
St Goarshausen, Lorelei

As every year, the Bizarre Festival was the highlight of the concert season. Not that it looked that way to begin with, what with only a dribble of people present. Indeed, when BLUE MANNER HAZE appeared on stage around midday, they faced a fairly empty area. However, those who were present were treated to vocalist Joe Chialo's wildly colourful outfit, topped by a pair of yellow chiffon flares! Musically, as well as visually, the crossover specialists from Nuremberg caused a stir. Their club hit, 'By Any Means', got the audience moving immediately.
Then it was CONSOLIDATED's turn, and the area was still nowhere near full. This was mainly due to bad ,organisation which meant that people were admitted into the area very slowly and there was huge congestion at the entrance. The people who were unable to get in by this point had a right to be pissed-off, because the enthusiastic Hip Hop trio easily managed to grab the audience, even without their usual stage production consisting of video screens and so on. The lack of technical gadgets only affected their mega hit, 'Suck', negatively, as it had to be performed without the support of The Yeastie Girls, and, of course, the lyrics come across so much better when sung by a female voice.
A lot of people had been waiting for HOLE but the quartet based around Courtney 'Fuck Of The Year' Love turned out to be a disappointment all the way through. The sound was murky and the performance static as the whole of the band just stood around motionless most of the time, and the announcements provided ample ammunition for those who reckon women have no business messing with Rock music. An all-time low was reached when Courtney extracted a baby snap from her pocket and declared, "That's my son by Kurt Cobain. Isn't he cute?" How embarrassing...
Luckily NOFX, with their merry Surf Punk anthems, immediately ensured a change of atmosphere. Unfortunately, they'd decided to sport identical shorts, which didn't look too cool...
No complaints, however, when THERAPY? arrived. Without question, they delivered the most energetic show of the day, which is remarkable considering there's only three of them. Michael jumped all over the stage like a maniac, and even Andy found time for little excursions, despite the fact that he was responsible for vocals and guitar. The percussion-orientated drumming by Fyfe sounded just as good as on their outstanding album, 'Nurse'. HELMET were unable to cause such intense reactions, although they were certainly appreciated. This was mainly due to their strong material, especially 'In The Meantime' and 'Unsung', although the performance by Page Hamilton and company was a little weak. They'd left a much better impression during the Ministry tour.
Although PORNO FOR PYROS' debut album is by no means bad, it can't compete with Jane's Addiction's releases. Perry Farrell seems to be aware of this because, apart from the music, he banked on a lavish stage show with a large supporting cast: dancers on stilts, and two beauties, one of which doubled as a fire-eater, delivered a strip-tease act during 'Cursed Female'. Whether this helped the audience to understand the lyrics is open to speculation. Despite these diversions, Perry Farrell still managed to play to the gallery. Guitarist Peter Di Sefano may not be as flamboyant, but his innovative guitar sounds were impressive.
THE YOUNG GODS caught the audience's attention without this kind of circus trick. Vocalist Franz Treichler reminded me of Jim Morrison, not only through his gestures but also his charisma. It's a well-known fact that this avant garde trio from Switzerland have gained a lot fans from the Metal camp since the release of their last studio album, 'TV Sky'. Still, the wild scenes in front of the stage still came as a surprise. It still seems a shame that the Gods insist on delivering their riffs from a computer disc, instead of hiring a real guitarist....
There's not too much one can say about the SONIC YOUTH set, but at least, because of the fact that darkness had set in, we got the full benefit of the live show. The gig consisted of feedback noises wrapped in hits, maturity despite their Punk attitude but, unfortunately, there was not enough movement on stage.
Carl Curfew

PEARL JAM/ TRIBE AFTER TRIBE
Ahoy, Rotterdam

I'm not what you'd call a Pearl Jam fan, but I still found myself among hordes of Pearl Jam

disciples who'd come to Rotterdam to see 'their' band live at last. The Ahoy, a venue with a capacity of 10,500, was sold out (two nights in a row!), and those who hadn't secured themselves a ticket in advance had to fork out a lot of money to the ticket touts.

But, before Pearl Jam, there was Tribe After Tribe to endure. At first, the South Africans, who had joined the tour after a personal invitation from Pearl Jam, were received favourably but, after the first half of the set, a certain restlessness could be felt among the audience. The eccentric stage show of singer/guitarist Robbi Robb could only be described as Hendrix cavorting with jungle rhythms. But, even the most original songs in the world can get boring if they go on forever.

At long last, their set came to an end and the moment we'd all been waiting for arrived. The Grunge girl next to me extracted a slightly squashed rose from her bag when Eddie and company marched onto the stage. 'Oceans' opened the gig, and even those who'd paid 150 DM for their tickets weren't disappointed.

Apart from the entire 'Ten' set, which the fans sang along to word-for-word, the band played seven new songs which all sounded brilliant and made me eager to hear the new album. Unfortunately, Eddie didn't make his announcements very clearly, so I haven't got a clue what they're called. 'Leash', which they'd already played during their last tour, indicated that the new album is likely to be more straightforward and Rock-orientated than 'Ten'. Which can't be a bad thing. All in all, the band came across as a tight unit, which was maybe partly due to the fact that Mr Vedder restrained himself from his spectacular climbing and crowd-surfing stunts. OK, so the guy extinguishes candles with his bare hands and occasionally sports flying goggles, but most interesting frontmen tend to be slightly eccentric. The Grunge girl next to me certainly didn't seem to mind.

Pearl Jam have not only grown up musically, they also seem more visually mature as well. They've cut their hair, their pants have grown longer, and there's not much left of the original Seattle outfit, not even the lumberjack shirts. Naturally, 'Alive' is the Grunge anthem and is likely to remain as such, but Pearl Jam don't seem inclined to stay rooted in the Seattle hype, so it's hardly surprising when Eddie introduced the new numbers with: "Are you ready for some new songs? ME TOO!!!". Pearl Jam justified their reputation as a live band tonight, and showed that they certainly will be a force to be reckoned with in future.

Claudia Gnass

Meat Loaf
BAT OUT OF HELL II
BACK INTO HELL
Das Kultalbum der Rockgeschichte findet seine Fortsetzung !
HÖLLISCH GUTER SOUND
jetzt auf CD und MC,
incl. der Hit-Single
"I`D DO ANYTHING FOR LOVE"
produziert von Meat Loaf und Jim Steinman.

A NEW 2

'The Breeders' Last Splash' or one gigantic bomber to end all splashes? JAMES SHERRY indulges in pub-talk with guitarist/vocalist KIM DEAL and bassist JOSEPHINE WIGGS of THE BREEDERS to decide just why this ex-Pixies fronted band warrant Metal Hammer coverage.

Now just hold on a second there, just what the hell do you think you're doing? Sure, I realise that Rock music's changed a little over the past couple of years and the barriers that shouldn't have been there in the first place have finally started to crumble, but... The Breeders! In Metal Hammer! Surely you've got to draw the line somewhere because, if so, The Breeders would find themselves way out, far left of field.

But wait up. Consider this: The Breeders' new single, titled 'Cannonball' (4AD), features the same kind of discordant, heavy-handed rhythmic and melodic approach that saw Nirvana's 'Smells Like Teen Spirit' achieve worldwide/mainstream acclaim and worm its way into the hearts of Rock fans the world over, and their album, 'The Breeders' Last Splash', is an exciting mish-mash of Pop sensibilities, quirky rhythms and distorted Rock. So what's the problem? There isn't one. They're in the magazine, end of story.

So just who are The Breeders? Well, you may have originally heard of them straight from the lips of Nirvana's Kurt Cobain, who happens to be a big fan.

"We should actually give Kurt points, because he mentions us so much! Kurt always makes us sound so cool," drawls Kim, and it's not hard to see why Nirvana and The Breeders see eye-to-eye. Whilst they may come from radically different musical and social backgrounds, their basic goals and ideas are alike. The Breeders, however, are a little harder to digest.

As you may or may not already know, The Breeders originally came into effect when Kim Deal started to get a little disillusioned with her previous band, the highly influential and popular Pixies. Together with Tanya Donnelly (now of Belly fame), The Breeders recorded a classic slice of off-beat Rock ('Pod') and, upon Tanya's departure to Belly and Frank Black's dissolution of The Pixies, with the addition of Kim Deal's identical twin sister Kelly Deal on guitar, The Breeders became a fully-fledged, working band.

Hardly normal consumption for regular Metal Hammer readers, but sometimes you've just gotta throw caution to the wind, hold your hands in the air and think 'what the fuck?". After all, that's what makes this whole confusing and contradictory state of Rock exciting and unpredictable.

But "The Breeders' Last Splash"? Surely this can't mean the end of The Breeders before you've even had the chance to click into fourth gear?

"Yeah exactly, that's what it sounds like," laughs Kim, lighting the first of many cigarettes that have earnt her the reputation as the 'Fag-ash Lil of Alternative Rock'. "And that's what we wanted it to sound like. It's actually a line taken from the 'Cannonball' single inspired by Kelly reading a biography of the 'Marquis De Sade", and I was just making fun of 'em, saying 'oh, you little libertine, you're a real koo-koo, if you wanna go to hell, let's jump into hell, let's go to hell, we can go to hell, it's a commitment to go to hell, but don't just jump into hell, do a bomber and you know what, I'll be the last splash. But hey, I like the way it sounds like our last-ever album. Maybe they'll cherish us even more!"

Or maybe they won't. Maybe certain people would still like to treat The Breeders like some bizarre singer/songwriter solo project from hell. This is not Kim Deal's solo project, in the same way that Sugar is not Bob Mould's. And then there's 'the twins'. Listen, this is not fuckin' neighbours! See, The Breeders still have a few ugly preconceptions to sweep under the

PEEL

carpet.
'Bands are just way cooler aren't they?," laughs Josephine. "Instead of it just being some solo project thing that nobody gives a toss about, it is important to make sure that we are portrayed as a band. So then it doesn't help when the NME ring up and say 'we want to do a story for the release of the single, it's gonna be the front cover, there will be a photo shoot but we *just* want the twins"!
"People are already starting to play on that angle, and it's just something we don't even think about. In the back of the latest NME, it calls Kim and Kelly 'Britain's favourite Rock twins' or something like that. It's just so demeaning, you know. Instead of saying 'wow, really cool record', it's like 'oh yeah, that's the band with the twins in it'. It diminishes us. Are they on automatic pilot that they have to act like tabloids?"
Yes. End of subject.

The Breeders like to keep things fresh. There are two main examples of this: first, Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon was asked and *did* direct the promotional video for 'Cannonball"...
"It was the first video she had ever directed and she was really cool doing it," explains Kim, lighting another fag. "The conversation went something like this:

"Hey, I like the way it sounds like our last-ever album. Maybe they'll cherish us even more."

Me: 'Do you know who I think would be a good video director, Josephine?"
Josephine: 'Who?"
Me: 'Kim Gordon."
Josephine: 'But has she ever directed a video before?"
Me: 'No, I don't think so."..."
And that didn't bother you?
"No not at all," laughs Kim. "It was just that Sonic Youth seemed really talented in that particular area, especially Kim."
Example two: Kim Deal's twin sister, Kelly Deal, upon joining the band, had never, ever played a note of guitar in her life.
"It's anti-playing - she was like, negative in playing points!" cackles Kim. "As Josephine says, when she heard that Kelly was going to play guitar, she said 'oh, she's bound to play a little, *everybody* plays *some* guitar!". But Kelly? Oh no, she couldn't play anything at all. Absolutely nothing."
'The Breeders' Last Splash" does not sound like an album that features a guitarist with zero playing ability .(Are we talking a series crash-course in guitar playing here, or a touch of mystic magic?
"She's a very musical person, and she just really wanted to be in the band," continues Kim. "She just made up her mind that that's what she wanted to do and went for it."
So thus, The Breeders arrive at an album that sparkles with the freshness of youth (in spirit, not in body!) and couldn't be further removed from adjectives like 'jaded', 'cynical' or 'tired' if it tried.
Now it's up to you to decide whether The Breeders fit into your particular musical scheme of things. The band will be kicking off on tour here late September, arriving first for an appearance at this year's excellent Reading Festival.
"Nobody wants to go to Reading do they?" asks a somewhat worried Kim. Err, why's that?
"Well, I've just heard that, because there's been so many different festivals going on in England within a few short months, most have run out of money by this point..."
Informing Kim that, with the likes of the Butthole Surfers, Porno For Pyros, Jesus Lizard, Rage Against The Machine and The Lemonheads on the bill, the festival simply couldn't fail, her mood picks up, and enthusiasm begins to come into effect as she sees the complete bill for the first time.

"You know who I'd see? I'd see Shampoo because I've heard so much about them, and then I'd see Magnapop because I've seen them, and then I'd definitely see Trueman's Water because they're great. Sebadoh I'd see, Big Star I'd fuckin' see, Jesus Lizard I'd see. I'd watch The Breeders in action too. I've heard they're pretty good!"

CONCRETE CORNER

THE PLACE TO FIND THE BEST HARD MUSIC OF THE MONTH

HARD MUSIC
CONCRETE/SOUNDSCAN TOP 30 RETAIL CHART

WEEK ENDING 7/4/93

WKS ON CHART	2 WKS AGO	LAST WEEK	THIS WEEK		ARTIST	TITLE	PEAK POS
34	1	1	1		STONE TEMPLE PILOTS	CORE	1
4	3	2	2		LAST ACTION HERO	SOUNDTRACK	1
39	7	4	3	•	SOUL ASYLUM	GRAVE DANCERS UNION	3
3	2	3	4		OZZY OSBOURNE	LIVE & LOUD	2
11	6	6	5		AEROSMITH	GET A GRIP	1
10	5	5	6		PORNO FOR PYROS	PORNO FOR PYROS	1
49	8	8	7		PEARL JAM	TEN	1
6	4	7	8		ANTHRAX	SOUND OF WHITE NOISE	1
11	10	13	9	•	PRIMUS	PORK SODA	2
40	12	10	10		ALICE IN CHAINS	DIRT	1
47	15	12	11		JACKYL	JACKYL	7
3	11	11	12		FUGAZI	IN ON THE KILLTAKER	11
23	21	20	13	•	RAGE AGAINST THE...	RAGE AGAINST THE...	15
3	9	14	14		SUICIDAL TENDENCIES	STILL CYCO AFTER...	9
13	24	26	15	•	TOOL	UNDERTOW	10
25	22	21	16	•	WHITE ZOMBIE	LA SEXORCISTO...	16
49	18	22	17	•	METALLICA	METALLICA	3
6	14	16	18		ROBERT PLANT	FATE OF NATIONS	4
2	---	9	19		MERCYFUL FATE	IN THE SHADOWS	9
10	16	15	20		JIMI HENDRIX	ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE	10
7	13	17	21		KISS	ALIVE III	1
15	17	23	22		BUTTHOLE SURFERS	INDEPENDENT WORM...	8
49	28	24	23		PANTERA	VULGAR DISPLAY OF...	9
2	---	19	24		DEATH	INDIVIDUAL THOUGHT...	19
6	25	30	25	•	FISHBONE	GIVE A MONKEY...	10
16	23	28	26		COVERDALE/PAGE	COVERDALE/PAGE	1
17	19	25	27		GREEN JELLY	CEREAL KILLER...	2
42	26	31	28		QUEEN	GREATEST HITS	3
34	35	42	29	•	NINE INCH NAILS	PRETTY HATE MACHINE	17
49	31	45	30	•	MEGADETH	COUNTDOWN TO...	3

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VOIVOD

WHILE MOST HARD MUSIC BANDS CHOOSE TO STAY GROUNDED WITHIN THE TYPICAL CONFINES OF THE THREE CHORD, "I'M STUCK IN E" STYLED APPROACH, FRENCH-FRIED ROCKERS VOIVOD (DRUMMER/LYRICIST MICHEL LANGEVIN, GUITARIST DENIS D'AMOUR AND VOCALIST DENIS BELANGER) STRIVE FOR *THE OUTER LIMITS*...AND GET THERE. VOIVOD'S ALWAYS DEVIATED FROM THE NORM; THEIR PAST WORKS HAVING REVOLVED AROUND TWISTING TIME CHANGES, ODD TEXTURES AND LYRICAL CONTENT BASED ON FLYING SAUCERS, THE CHAOS THEORY, FRACTALS AND COMPUTERS. AND DESPITE ITS ECLECTIC MIX OF '70'S PROG-ROCK, EARLY '80'S METAL AND '90'S CYBERPUNK, NEW VOIVOD ALBUM *THE OUTER LIMITS* IS ACTUALLY MUCH MORE MAINSTREAM THAN ANY OF THE BAND'S PREVIOUS TANGENTAL RELEASES. BUT DON'T LET THAT FOOL YOU. THE ALBUM IS STILL SOMETHING YOU'D GET BY GIVING ISSAC ASIMOV A MARSHALL AMP. THE COVER ART, THE LYRICS AND THE STORIES ARE HEAVILY INFLUENCED BY THE PULP MAGAZINES FROM THE '30'S AND '40'S LIKE *AMAZING STORIES* AND *ASTOUNDING*...IN OTHER WORDS, IT'S PURE VOIVOD. CHECK OUT "LOST MACHINE," "JACK LUMINOUS," "MOONBEAM RIDER" AND "LEPONT NOIR." INSPIRED BY THE SIXTIES TELEVISION SERIES OF THE SAME NAME ("WE LIKED THE SHOW SO MUCH, WE EVEN SAMPLED PARTS OF THE PROGRAMS FROM VIDEOS IN SOME OF THE SONGS," SAYS GUITARIST DENIS D'AMOUR), *THE OUTER LIMITS* CONFIRMS VOIVOD STATUS AS BEING OUT OF THIS WORLD.

FISHBONE - GIVE A MONKEY A BRAIN..... (COLUMBIA)

FISHBONE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A BAND THAT WAS A BIT TOO METAL TO BE FULLY EMBRACED BY THE FUNK COMMUNITY AND BIT TOO FUNK TO BE FULLY EMBRACED BY THE METAL COMMUNITY. BUT RATHER THAN COMPROMISE THEIR SOUND TO MAKE ONE CAMP HAPPY, THE BAND HAS CREATED A NICHE FOR THEMSELVES RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE AND PROSPERED. THE NEW ALBUM *GIVE A MONKEY A BRAIN...* (PRODUCED BY TERRY DATE - PANTERA, PRONG) STRIKES THE PERFECT BALANCE OF VICIOUS, FUNKY RHYTHMS AND HARD AS A ROCK STYLED RIFFS. CHECK OUT "SWIM," "LEMON MERINGUE," AND "BLACK FLOWERS." A MUST HAVE.

THE BIG F - PATIENCE PEREGRINE (CHRYSALIS)

THANKS TO ITS GOURMET MIXTURE OF PROPULSIVE RHYTHMS, EAR-GRABBING HOOKS AND COOL, DISSONANT CHORDS, THIS MESMERIZINGLY TUNEFUL SECOND RELEASE SIDESTEPS THE PITFALLS OF THE DREADED "SOPHOMORE JINX." PUNK FLAVORINGS ARE SPRINKLED WITH A HEALTHY DOSE OF METAL GUITAR TO CREATE ONE HELLUVA ALTERNAMETAL RELEASE. ACTUALLY THE ONLY BAD THING ABOUT THE BIG F'S CHRYSALIS DEBUT IS THAT IT'S ONLY AN EP; AFTER LISTENING TO THIS BRISTLING FOUR SONG RELEASE, I WANTED MORE. LUCKILY, MY TAPE DECK HAS A "CONTINOUS PLAY" FEATURE....

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SVEN GALI

THE REAL THING

DAVE WANLESS is a very happy chappy. Out to prove that Denis Leary isn't the only good thing to come out of Canada, he and his fellow cohorts of SVEN GALI are rocking America under Def Leppard, and having a great time. TONY DILLON wishes he was there.

"We're going fabulously, to tell you the truth. Live, on a big stage, we really like to *give it* out there. We sit around all day and we get forty-five minutes to get all our steam out. We get out there, we have a great time and the crowd feeds off it. We're definitely a great band to kick off the day. We get the vibe happening and we set the pace."

So begins the new legacy of Dave Wanless, lead vocalist with Canadian rockers, Sven Gali, a band who write nothing but dick dribble if our beloved and revered Editor is to be believed. So, Dave, what's it like constantly being told that you sound like Sebastian Bach?

"It's funny but, when you get a band from this side of the world going to England, and people say 'what are they like?', you get comparisons. Just because my voice is higher range, I get compared to Baz whereas, if I had a growling voice, I'd get compared to Guns N'Roses. A lot of people here don't see it. Skid Row themselves have our record, and Baz is from our home-town here, and he doesn't see the comparison. It's just aggressive. "The first place that anyone said 'it sounds like Skid Row' was in England. Over here, nobody even thinks twice about it. When I look back on the album, 'Freakz' is the only track I can see where people would think that, but it doesn't matter to me anyway. Everyone gets compared to somebody. Sebastian got compared with Vince Neil! Hopefully, as our career goes on, people will see that we've got something of our own happening here. *We* know we do!"

So it would seem. Currently on tour with Def Leppard and Ugly Kid Joe on a string of outdoor dates, the band are going down a storm. But hold those horses, don't move a muscle and don't try anything or the rabbit gets it. Isn't Sven Gali's music just a little too, well, *out of date* for the US audiences to catch on to?

"You've got to remember that, when we recorded the album, that was about a year-and-a-half ago. The songs were written a year- and-a-half, two years before the record. The only new songs on that record were 'Under The Influence', 'Tie Died Skies' and 'In My Garden'

. The rest is a collection of songs we've had for a long time. On the new record we're working on now, we have grown quite a bit. We can tell by the writing style.

"Unfortunately, I feel the same way - that it is a little dated. But so much happened between us recording the record and the record actually coming out, and we just got caught in that crunch. That's the way it is. The next one's going to be a lot different, a lot more mature."

The temptation must always be there, though, to say 'sod the hairdos, I'm off to Help The Fiscally Challenged for a brand new image, and start singing about boys talking at school.

"We want to stay as far away from that stuff as we can. We're not even going to try to be a Grunge band, or a Seattle band. We're just going to write what's inside us, like Aerosmith and even Bon Jovi. They just stuck to their guns and wrote what they write the best.

"We're just going to do what we do, and improve on it. Bands with longevity don't trend-jump, and we don't want to be known as a trend-jumping band. We're just going to do what we do and, if people are there to listen to it, and I get off singing it and we get off playing it, then that's great!"

I'll say something for this guy, he sure is sure of himself. This could all change, of course, once the crowds at this year's Bulldog Bash get ahold of him. As we are talking before that event, I ask Dave if the band are looking forward to it?

"Yes, but I don't know too much about it! I've heard it's pretty crazy, and I'm looking forward to it. I don't know how we got involved. All I know is that we're going there!"

At least you know it has something to do with motorbikes. You know, but glancing at a press shot of Sven Gali, I never would have had them down as bikers. Something to do with the cheekbones, probably.

"Sean is a biker. Sean owns a Harley Davidson, and the rest of us shall be owning one very soon. But Sean lives and breathes his bike, so this is great for him. He can't wait to see the other bikes over there. We've had a bunch of crew guys over there, and they all say it's a good time, so we can't wait to get there!"

But does the Bulldog crowd want to see them? If the response from the US audience is anything to go by, then they'll go down a storm. Now where did I put that copy of 'Slave To The Grind'?

FREAK

The Freakshow begins. road again, trundling round PIPPA LANG catches up with and the rest of the

"You're staying at the Europa Hotel?" asks the cab driver at Belfast Airport. Yes, yes, big posh five-star abode, are you impressed? He isn't impressed. He shakes his head sadly. He knows something about the Europa that we don't. Oh, well, no doubt we'll find out soon enough...

The countryside around Belfast is obscenely beautiful, belying the horrors that lurk terminally behind its tragic walls. As we drive past idyllic scenes of green, sheep-filled pastures, it's easy to forget just where, exactly, you are. Until you enter the city.

To Belfast's residents, the presence of the security forces is as commonplace as McDonalds in the high street. To us - myself and Liz Wells, Music For Nations' press officer - the sight of armoured vehicles and fully kitted-out soldiers lurking round every corner slams reality into place. We'll have to get used to it. London may be as extensively defended as Belfast soon anyway.

The cab pulls up outside what looks like a derelict warehouse. It is, in fact, the Europa Hotel and, if we'd known Belfast better, we would've realised that the massive bomb-blast that demolished the first six floors in May was not the first for this hotel. Three months later, the windows are still boarded up. But there's no point asking questions about it. It's the same story as the last blast, and the one before. You just have to accept it like the natives have, and get on with your day, your life and your job.

THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN

After checking into our unscarred tenth-floor rooms, and gazing for a while over this magnificent city, Liz and I amble down to the Limelight, where Freak Of Nature are playing tonight. With its 400-ish capacity, the nightclub-type venue is hardly the sort of place the stadium-conscious White Lion would've played. But that's Mike Tramp for you. He and his band have been travelling and sleeping in their tour coach for two months, getting back to the nitty-gritty of downtown, street-level gigging. This particular show is a landmark for Mike.

"With White Lion, we never visited Ireland, excuses were always made not to come here," he explains later. "So the first requirement when scheduling this tour was to include some Irish dates. I told my manager, Patrick [who used to co-manage the Black Crowes], that I would not tour if we couldn't come here. So this is the first Irish gig I've ever played, the first time I've set foot on Irish soil."

Ireland is close to Mike's heart because Thin Lizzy's Phil Lynott is the man who means more to him than any other musician dead or alive, the tattoo of the charming, incomparable bass player on his arm attesting to that. 'Where Can I Go?' off Freak Of Nature's eponymous album, is absolute confirmation of his dedication. Yesterday, he and the rest of the Freaks took a day's sojourn to Dublin, not to play, but to visit Lynott's grave. "It was strange. There was no big tombstone, just a small plaque in the ground. But I'm just so glad to have stood there..."

"...this particular problem is a political thing that should be solved by politicians, not by children dying."

As we wait for the band to get their shit together, Liz introduces me to Mike's two brothers, Kim, who doubles up as Johnny (real name Juanito) Haro's drum tech, and Dennis. The three brothers are very close, using their native Danish tongue to communicate privately amongst themselves.

Finally, we assemble the whole band, and wander into the heart of the city. It is not a relaxing walk, particularly when the music store Kenny (Korade, guitar) has chosen to visit happens to be in a street blockaded by a bloody great armoured tank, complete with armed soldiers. They smile at us as if to say 'please smile back, it makes our job just that little bit easier'. So we smile and wave as brightly as possible, even though at the back of all our minds is the muffled sound of an ever-possible bomb blast. This is Belfast's soundtrack, mingled with the pathetic sound of a busker optimistically plinking away at his banjo on the street corner.

"I don't think anybody on this earth has a right to kill another person. And I think this problem is a political thing that should be solved by politicians, not by children dying."

SHOW

FREAK OF NATURE are on the Europe in their tour bus. Mike Tramp, his brothers band in Belfast.

Mike looks nervous. He admits that he feels uncomfortable wandering round this city, and decides to return to the apparent safety of the Limelight, while the rest go to Burger King.

DON'T BELIEVE A WORD

Back at the venue, Dennis (Chick, guitar), Jerry (Best, bass), Kenny and Johnny gather in the bar next door, where a clutch of giggling 'babes' have appeared.

"I don't have an insecurity problem, but if it's too hard work, it's not worth it," shrugs Jerry, by way of an excuse for not pulling anything!

This 'chick talk' continues on the bus after soundcheck, where Dennis and Mike embark on the kind of banter that was written into the script of Spinal Tap specifically to raise a laugh! Realising that I'm not in the least bit impressed, Mike looks bashful.

"Actually, it's just not true that I pull a lot of chicks. It's mostly dudes we pull!"

Dudes?! You mean, *blokes*?!

Dennis, who appears to be chief womaniser, lets out a howling whistle as two 'chicks' walk past the coach, as if to confirm his virility.

THE ROCKER

Finally, at 11.00, the gig starts. Mike is welcomed onstage like the proverbial prodigal son, the band as a whole eyed-up favourably by the female contingent of the audience. Each song is greeted like a well-worn classic. The single, 'Rescue Me', stands out like a sore thumb, a rousing, emotive anthem dedicated to someone close to Mike's heart. It's a sweaty, carefree performance, smiles all round, and the general consensus is that the gig is a roaring success. The addition of a couple of Lizzy numbers as encores seems, to me at least, to be a bit of a gamble in front of such a stoic Irish crowd, but they appreciate that Mike's doing it out of total love for Lynott, not for any exploitation purposes.

"The fact that the posters for this gig say 'Mike Tramp's Freak Of Nature' is just a ploy by a cheap club owner wanting to make some money."

"We're not exceptional," says Mike after the show. "We're a great Rock band, but we don't want to be unique. And I don't, by any means, steal the show. We're five musicians who work together... The fact that the posters for this gig say 'Mike Tramp's Freak Of Nature' is just a ploy by a cheap club owner wanting to make some money." Though Mike may claim that this is a democratic band, he has, throughout the day, been the one to do all the talking! But that's just the way it is. Mike got used to being the spokesman for White Lion and, if he can put across the band better than the rest can, then so be it. It is he who explains the misunderstanding in Manchester when Jerry waved his pass at security to get into the gig half-an-hour before the band were due onstage - and was accused by the bouncer of having an ego problem (well, he has a *bit*). The resulting fracas was, claims Mike, totally unwarranted. He also has a remarkable rapport with his fans, as do the whole band. Chatting and signing autographs for a good half-hour before leaving to catch their ferry back to London, they certainly don't stint on the affability.

THE SUN GOES DOWN

Beneath the smiles, there has been an underlying tension to Freak Of Nature's visit to Belfast, not just because of the obvious reasons, but something far nastier. It was discovered, just before they left, that not only had some bastard snuck into the dressing-room and nicked Kim's treasured baseball cap (he is not the sort of person you want to rub up the wrong way), but also £200 of the band's money.... We wander back to the hotel. On the way back, a couple of soldiers in full combat gear emerge from the darkness, smile and recede into their pockets of vigilance. Mike Tramp loves Ireland, but Thank God he doesn't live here.

FAMOUS FAST WORDS!

ANDY CAIRNS and MICHAEL McKEEGAN riding high on the success of their 'Opal Mantra' single, take a break from being Shock-tastically famous Rock stars to ponder the meaning of life without FYFE (who's off drinking) with ANTHONY NOGUERA.

SHOULD BLACK SABBATH REFORM?

MICHAEL: Yeah, I think it needs to be done, however tragic or however wonderful it turns out to be.

ANDY: I think we want them to reform for selfish reasons, because we've never seen them with that line-up. Then again, if the Velvet Underground and Big Star have reformed, then why the fuck shouldn't Black Sabbath?

WHAT MAKES YOU CRY?

MICHAEL: I haven't cried in a long time. What is something that makes me cry? I don't know, I've been smiling quite a lot recently. Something really tragic is probably going to happen now I've said that! The last time I cried was at my nan's funeral.

ANDY: One of the things that always chokes me up when I think about it was the first time I went to Belgium with my dad. We went to Ghent for the first time to visit my grandfather's grave. My grandfather died in World War II and my father was five when he died. My dad is a really hard man, fair but really hard and, when I was twelve, we went to Ghent to the mass cemetery for war victims and it was the first time I had ever seen it. I saw my father break down and grab the gravestone. You get to Ghent and you open the gate and, as far as the eye can see, it's white crosses. It sounds really crass, but why the fuck have so many people died for war? Every time I think about it or see pictures of the time we were there, I cry. Another thing that gets to me is zoos. I love animals and it's really sad to see a beautiful creature like a tiger pacing up and down in a cage that's eight foot by four. To see noble creatures reduced to that is really sad.

ARE YOU LOOKING FORWARD TO THE NEW PEARL JAM ALBUM?

MICHAEL: (decisively) No. In a word, no. Atrocious. I just don't see the point in what they're trying to do.

ANDY: I just can't stand Pearl Jam. I don't hate them, I just don't like them. I've met people that love Eddie Vedder's lyrics, and they really connect with some people, but I just can't see it. To me they're just Journey. I don't like going on about them, because I should say, 'fair credit to them', they're successful. And they've never done anything to us.

THE MANICS ONCE SAID THAT ANYONE AS UGLY AS THERAPY? SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO MAKE MUSIC. TRUE?

ANDY: *Anybody* should be allowed to make music.

MICHAEL: What a concept!

ANDY: I didn't mind when the Manics said it.

IF YOU JUST HAD THE SEX AND THE DRUGS, COULD YOU DO WITHOUT THE ROCK 'N' ROLL?

MICHAEL: Nah... 'costhe whole reason I do it is because I love the music.

SHOULD BLACK SABBATH REFORM? "Yeah, however tragic or however wonderful it turns out to be."

IS JAMES HETFIELD A POSITIVE ROLE MODEL?

ANDY: Yeah, I would definitely say so. It's to do with attitude. I like his voice and his guitar, but it's his whole attitude to it that makes him special.

IS 'OPAL MANTRA' METALLICA PLAYING A NEW ORDER SONG?

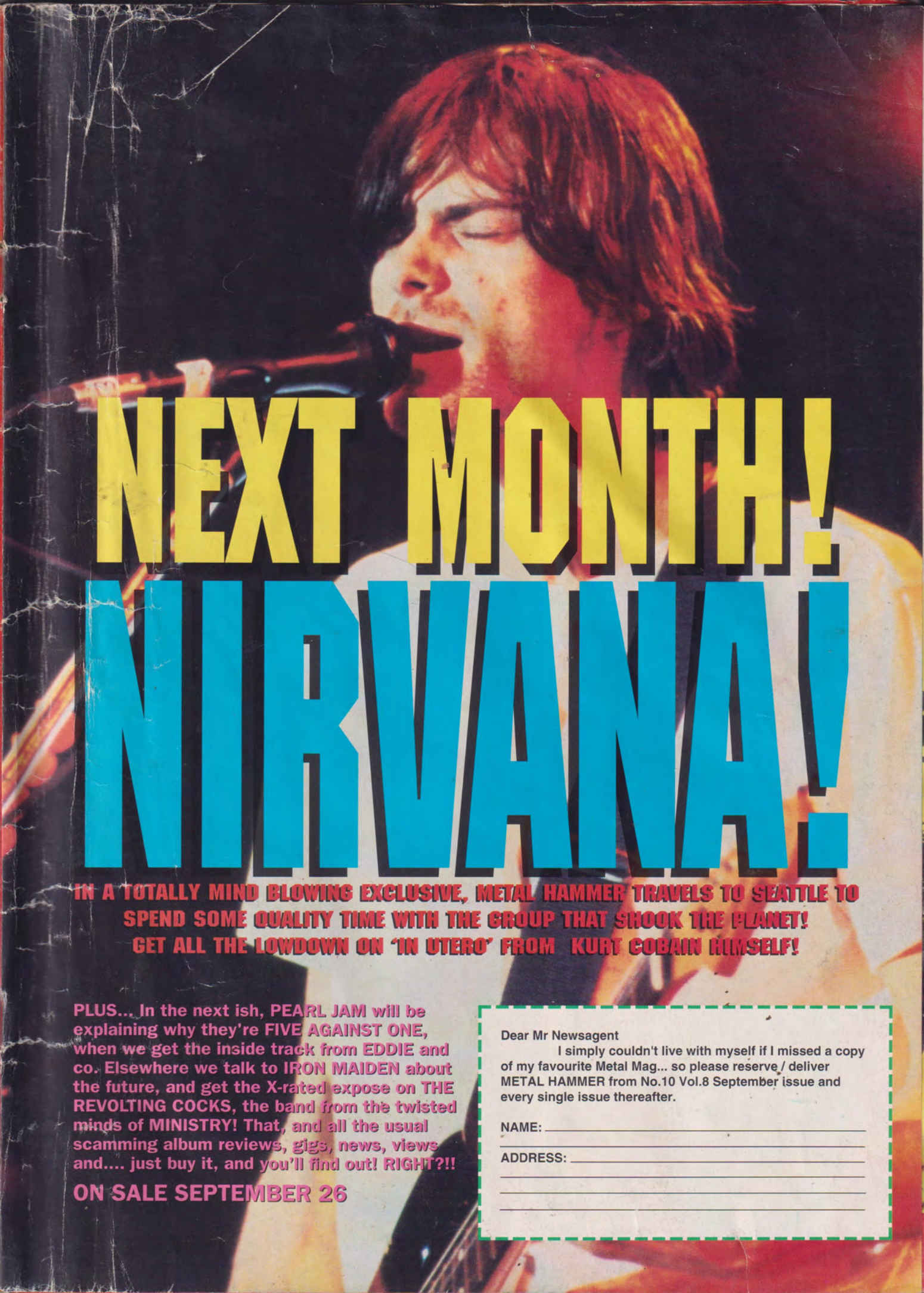
ANDY: Yeah, that's a good one. I think the opening riff is like Killing Joke's 'The Wait', and then Michael's bass line is like Iron Maiden. No, I'm not joking! I love Steve Harris' bass playing. Some people really liked 'Screamager' and some really hated it, but 'Opal Mantra' has seemed to unite people in liking it.

WHAT IS IT ABOUT?

ANDY: It means a lot to me because it's about someone I know. He went through a whole mess on heroin. At the end of the day, I'm not a 'just say no' kind of person, but this person was getting steadily fucked up and I thought he was going to die. At the end of the day, instead of me leaving him or begging him to stop I just didn't care. I was in a total state of apathy because he had no respect for himself so I couldn't have any respect for him. That's why the song says 'I never really cared about you. I never really got to thinking about you' because, when I found out what was going on, I said, 'fuck it, if that's what you want to do then go ahead and do it'.

ANY LAST WORDS?

Andy: I think that the thing with Therapy? is that we take what we do with a great deal of responsibility but, at the end of the day, as human beings you don't take what you do *too* seriously. You realise that it's Pop music and people get off on it and you realise that, but you should never believe that you're going to change the world. What we do is really natural and we don't think that we're going to fuck up anyone's heads or change the world. We're just as lost in this fucking place as everybody else is, you know? We get it together but we don't think that we're the most important thing in the world. I'm flattered when people are into our music but we don't feel arrogant about it. And we'll never change about that.



NEXT MONTH!

NIRVANA!

IN A TOTALLY MIND BLOWING EXCLUSIVE, METAL HAMMER TRAVELS TO SEATTLE TO SPEND SOME QUALITY TIME WITH THE GROUP THAT SHOOK THE PLANET! GET ALL THE LOWDOWN ON 'IN UTERO' FROM KURT COBAIN HIMSELF!

PLUS... In the next ish, PEARL JAM will be explaining why they're FIVE AGAINST ONE, when we get the inside track from EDDIE and co. Elsewhere we talk to IRON MAIDEN about the future, and get the X-rated expose on THE REVOLTING COCKS, the band from the twisted minds of MINISTRY! That, and all the usual scamming album reviews, gigs, news, views and.... just buy it, and you'll find out! RIGHT?!!

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